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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880. | VOLUME XXVIII.—No. 34. Price Ten Cents.

THE VISION OF THE RING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

The sun was setting grandly,
I stood upon a hill;
Below the trees were waving,
And singing was the rill.

'Twas Autumn. Leaves were falling
All withered, brown and sere;
The chill air of November told
The closing of the year.

I took from off my finger
A plain old-fashioned ring;
'Twas given by my mother
When youth was in its Spring.

I held the golden circlet
Before my dimming eye,
And lo! the past half century
Went slowly marching by.

I saw the homely cottage
Far from the noisy town,
I saw the room I slept in
Before my chin bore down.

I felt my long gray whiskers;
Oh, what a change was there
Since—as the ring discovered—
I once was young and fair.

Within that magic circle
There gathered all of life—
The growing-up to manhood,
The school-room and the wife.

There laughed the lovely children,
Who clambered on my knees;
Long years ago I laid them
Beneath the willow-trees.

Another glance discovered
A mother old and gray,
The one who ever loved me,
Who taught me how to pray.

No magic ring of fairy
Could match this ring of mine;
The past it all uncovered,
The evil, the divine.

Each act of right and error
Came rising into view,
And still in spell-bound wonder
I gazed the circlet through.

I saw a youth departing
To wage the war of life,
And through the ring saw sadly
The weariness and strife.

Then, as the sun descended
Behind the distant wood,
Long years passing,
Myself before me stood:

A wan and weary ancient,
In all the world alone,
Fast nearing to his resting-place
Beneath the graveyard stone.

A life or utter nothingness
Seemed closing with the light:
The ring replaced, all vanished—
I stood alone in night.

ONE NIGHT'S CRIME;

OR,

A FATAL PASSION.

(LA FILLE MAUDITE.)

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILIE REICHBERG,
FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

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PART THE FIRST.—ANOTHER'S CRIME.

CHAPTER I.—IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

A few leagues from Vesoul, an ancient and pretty little provincial town of Franche-Comte, one meets, in going towards Gray, the village of Fremigourt, shaded by magnificent trees, and extending along the west bank of a limpid streamlet called the Sablense. The soil of this portion of the High Soane is remarkably fertile, and affords comfortable wealth to its inhabitants.

High, woody mountains, crowned with oaks a century old, which the hand of man has seemed to respect from time immemorial, stretch to the right in picturesque groups, and vanish on the pale horizon in their flight towards Alsasce and Switzerland. To the left, a verdant valley, watered by brooks and little canals dug by the farmers, opens and spreads for a distance of three miles, and then, closing abruptly, passes with the streamlet through a little gorge.

At the entrance of this valley, about twenty minutes' walk from Fremicourt, lies the Senillon farm. In 1850 (when our story begins) this rich farm was cultivated by its proprietor, Jacques Mellier. The stables and granaries are in two large square buildings solidly constructed of stone. Further on stands a small house, occupied then by the shepherd and his family. The main building, where the master had his apartment separate from the rooms of the maid-servants and regular farm-hands, with its white facade and high, broad windows, looks more like a gentleman's country-seat than a farmer's home.

Jacques Mellier was five-and-fifty years of age, a grave, severe and taciturn man, who never laughed; but, always just in everything, he bestowed his praise as he did his censure, proving himself, according to the case or circumstance, as kind and generous as he was inflexible in his severity. His fits of anger, fortunately rare, were terrible, and the most audacious trembled before his glance. He was not generally feared, however, but loved and respected because of his justice and probity, none being more sensitive than he on questions of honor.

To direct the cultivation of the farm and all the help, Jacques Mellier had a right-hand by his side. Pierre Rouvenat—this was his name—was no longer a servant, but a confidant, a friend, almost a brother. He was a few years older than the master who had become his friend. Born at Senillon (his parents reposed in the cemetery of Fremicourt) he had never been ambitious save for his dear young boy of the Sablense, which was another Promised Land to him; so he had remained at the farm near the one whose joys he had formerly shared, and whose whims and cholers he had often endured. His was truly a life of toil, devotion, and self-denial.

Jacques Mellier had been a widower for twelve years; but he had an only daughter, who was his hope, his joy, his pride. Lucile Mellier had just entered her nineteenth year. Tall, slim, and graceful, with lustrous black hair and black, radiant eyes, rosy complexion, as full of life as a gazelle, as lovely as a smile, and as gay as a sunbeam, it would have been difficult to find a more charming young girl in the whole Franche-Comte.

In speaking of Lucile, those who had known her dead mother, said: "She is the perfect images of her mother." And it must have been true; but the lovely girl also had her father's pride, independent character, and energetic will. Sent to the convent of the Ursulines, at Vesoul, she had returned to her home at the age of seventeen, after having received an education conformable to the comparatively large fortune which she would some day inherit. About eighteen months later, to see a little of the world, she had traveled with an old aunt to Scotland, where she had sojourned a few months.

Needless to say that Jacques Mellier was very ambitious for his cherished child. To say nothing of her accomplishments and beauty, with the dowry of one hundred thousand francs which he would give her on her wedding-day, he had the right to nurse the dream of marrying her into one of the first families in the department.

But "man proposes and God disposes," says the proverb; and the proud father was about to realize how often a dream is far from reality. One night, finding himself suddenly indisposed by the heat, Jacques sprang from his bed and opened one of his windows overlooking the gardens of the farm. The air was close, but not a cloud could be seen in the sky, brilliant with twinkling stars. From time to time the yellowish glimmer of heat-lightning danced on the horizon. It was really a beautiful night, tepid, odoriferous, and phosphorescent, like a night in India. Not a leaf stirred; not a whisper on the trees; nothing broke the stillness but the monotonous chirp of the crickets. The farmer heard midnight strike at Fremicourt, and, having inhaled a few mouthfuls of the fragrant air, was about to go back to bed, when all at once he thought he espied a shadow gliding beneath the depending branches of the trees in the fruit-garden. Quickly crouching in the window, he listened and waited.

The shadow soon approached. The sound of light steps struck his ears, and he perceived a dark form moving in the middle of a path lined with dwarf apple-trees—advancing cautiously, as if fearful of discovery. On it glided until, reaching the house, it opened a little back door softly and vanished. Then Jacques Mellier recoiled to the other end of his room, rubbing his eyes, as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Surely, that figure was his daughter's! For a moment he remained motionless, with his eyes stretched wide, and as if petrified with fear; then, starting suddenly, he exclaimed:

"What does this mean?"

He had grown ghastly pale, and a cold perspiration wet his brow. He sprang towards the door, but paused when about to open it, a horrible thought haying just burst upon him. His daughter had guilty trysts at night—his daughter was deceiving him! Uttering a loud groan, he dropped upon a chair and gave himself up to dark reflections.

Was the misfortune he dreaded complete? How far had she forgotten her duty? On what frightful abyss was the thoughtless child walking? But if Lucile had infamously betrayed his confidence, not far from Seuillon, at Fremicourt, perhaps, he must certainly find the other guilty one. What wretch could have conspired so audaciously against his repose and honor? He could not think of a name; but on taxing his memory he finally recollected having seen several times on the Seuillon lands a young man, a stranger, of mysterious ways and dressed like a city gentleman. He also recollected that, having accompanied his daughter to Fremicourt one Sunday to mass, he had noticed the same individual leaning against one of the pillars of the church, a few steps from them. And then, after the service, he had seen the stranger again on the public square, and had even detected an intelligent glance between him and Lucile. He had given this incident no thought at the time; but what a startling significance it had for him now! It was a revelation!

So, there could be no doubt, this young man was his daughter's tempter.

At this reflection, the blood boiled in his veins, rage took possession of him, and his heart swelled with a thirst for vengeance. Again he sprang towards the door, and again he paused, saying to himself:

"No, she would conceal the truth from me, and I wish to know all—all!"

The rest of the night he passed in feverish agitation, without thinking of taking further repose, and the first rays of the sun found him standing in the middle of his room, pale, his features distorted, and his hair bristled upon his head.

CHAPTER II.—INFORMATION.

For more than an hour everybody at the farm had been up and about, and the day's work had begun. The farmer sent for Pierre, who hastened to his room.

"Pierre, do you know what is going on here?" Jacques asked brusquely.

"What do you mean?" queried the old servant, opening his eyes wide with astonishment. And then, noticing his master's pale and haggard face, he resumed, approaching him anxiously: "What ails you? what has happened? Are you ill?"

"No. I understand your astonishment, for, when I looked in the glass just now, my own face frightened me. Pierre, I made a horrible discovery last night. My daughter goes out at night alone."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Pierre, with a start; "it's not possible. You must have had the nightmare."

"I was wide awake, and at that window, at midnight, when I saw my daughter glide towards the house like a spirit."

"And you did not ask her where she had been?"

"No; for I do not wish her to know that I saw her. I have guessed, moreover, what she would have hid from me."

"You suspect her?"

"Suspect!" replied Mellier, with a forced smile—"I am sure!"

"Take care, Jacques; do not deceive yourself!"

"Ah! I wish I could; I wish I could! But, I repeat, I am sure! Lucile has dishonored her father!"

"False! false!" cried Pierre indignantly. "Such a thought is odious, Jacques; you are slandering your daughter!"

"She's a wretch—a wretch! Do you hear?"

"Oh! how can you accuse that lovely child? She is so good, so perfect, that the peasants have surnamed her the little Providence of the poor and unfortunate. This is horrible, Jacques—monstrous!"

"Since you defend her," sneered the farmer, "you must be able to tell me why she runs about the country nights!"

"Yes, I can, indeed," was the animated rejoinder. "Lucile never parades her charity; she wishes to distribute it at night, that she may not be seen."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the farmer coldly, shaking his head. "She could distribute her charity in the daytime without having it known. This is not the reason why she leaves her room secretly at night. She has stepped her foot into shame. Can the harm be remedied? I fear not. I want to be informed, and yet I dread to learn what is still obscure to me."

With this he went to the window, and, looking out gloomily, murmured bitterly:

"All that belongs to me. My fortune makes many envious; they think me happy—the fools! Ah! how pleased they would be, how they would laugh, if they only knew that Jacques Mellier's name was covered with shame!"

Pierre stood there utterly crestfallen, motionless, speechless, and as if riveted to the floor.

Mellier approached him again presently, saying:

"Have you never met a man in the neighborhood of the farm—a young man; tall, with light hair and moustache, and dressed like a city swell?"

Pierre started, but made no reply.

"Tis he, Pierre! I wish to know his name and where he lives. I can do without you at the farm to-day, or to-morrow, for a week, if necessary. You know what I expect of you. A master, a friend, an outraged father, entreats you. But, above all, let Lucile remain in ignorance of what we have just said here between ourselves!"

An hour later Pierre Rouvenat left the farm, walking-stick in hand, and turned his steps in the direction of Fremicourt. He returned on the morrow, toward five o'clock in the afternoon, and found Jacques Mellier awaiting him with the greatest impatience.

"Well?" questioned the farmer, as soon as they could converse without fear of being overheard.

"He is stopping at Saint Irun, at Bertaux's," replied Pierre gloomily.

"His name? where is he from?" asked Jacques quickly.

"He calls himself Edmund Burns," said Pierre, with evident reluctance.

"Edmund Burns? an Englishman? a Scotchman?" said the farmer hoarsely. "Speak quick, Pierre—his native city?"

"That I don't know," stammered Rouvenat. "Bertaux's register says simply Edmund Burns, Scotland."

"The coward!" hissed Jacques, "he is afraid to make his birthplace known. Ah, I have it, Pierre!" he pursued, knitting his brows "Lucile, you know, spent several months in Scotland with her old invalid aunt, who died. He met her there, the wretch! And he has been at Saint Irun ever since her return home. He followed her; it was understood between them. Oh, how blind I've been! What infernal deceit have they practiced, to succeed in duping me thus? How he must laugh at me, this swell, this villain! Whom do they take me for?" he continued, in a hollow voice, "for one of those ridiculed fathers that are seen in comedies? Ah, they think me an old ass! They shall find out their mistake! Well, Pierre," after a moment's silence, "do you believe in my misfortune now?"

The trusty servant made no reply; but Mellier might have seen two big tears glisten in his eyes.

Not wishing to accuse his young mistress, Pierre held his peace; moreover, he probably thought her guilty of nothing more than a frivolous act.

"You have discharged your duty faithfully," Jacques continued; "but we don't know all yet. May I still depend on you?"

"Jacques, you know my devotion."

"Yes, indeed, my old friend; I know what sort of a heart beats in your bosom. My grief is yours, and I am sure you won't hesitate to defend my honor. Listen. A correspondence is certainly carried on between Lucile and this young stranger. They meet—I cannot doubt it, for, unfortunately, I have had a proof of it under my very eyes. Now, one of these letters must fall into my hands, and I trust to you to find the means of bringing that about. Do you understand?"

"Yes," replied poor Pierre huskily.

"Ah! no matter what cunning they resort to, they shall not deceive me further. I am in search of the truth—of a horrible truth; but, as horrible as it is, I wish to know it." While he spoke, lightning glances flashed from his eyes. "If my daughter has not had more respect for her father's honor than for her own," he went on, in a guttural tone, "well, then, I'll drink my shame drop by drop!"

"Jacques, Jacques, do not judge her so severely yet!" cried Pierre disconsolately.

"Yes, I'll drink my shame—mine and hers!" said the farmer fiercely.

"I beseech you, Jacques, do not talk so—you make me suffer horribly."

"Ah! you still defend her!"

"Yes, because I believe that your daughter is guilty of naught else than a little imprudence."

"Well, well, we shall soon see which of us is right. Until we do, there won't be a moment's rest for Jacques Mellier. Ah! Pierre, God grant that you are right—for her sake, for mine, and for *his!* Oh, he! We shall see!"

A contraction of the lips, accompanied by a ferocious look, expressed his mind.

CHAPTER III.—THE LETTER.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun sparkled in a cloudless sky, and diffused its light and warmth over the valley. It was haytime, and the farm-laborers had just resumed work after an hour's rest.

With his head bowed on his breast, Jacques Mellier walked his floor excitedly. From his open window he could see, down in his meadows, the oxen drawing the heavy carts, the scythes glistening in the sun, the hay-makers, armed with long forks, spreading the freshly cut grass, and, farther on the hillside, his wheat already turning yellow. But to-day he seemed indifferent to what usually gladdened his heart. His thoughts were as sombre as his face. From time to time a strange light shone in his eyes, and he shivered from head to foot as ever and anon he shook his clenched hands above his head, murmuring through his set teeth:

"Oh, the wretches, the wretches!"

Suddenly the sound of steps made him start. He rushed to the door, which he jerked open, and Pierre Rouvenat entered the room. The farmer questioned him with his eyes.

"You bid me play the part of a spy," replied the old servant. "While hidden in the willow-plot, I saw the young man come."

"Speak lower," said the farmer, in a hollow voice.

"He approached the garden-wall, and I saw him raise a loose stone, then put it back again."

"And then?"

"He hurried off, and, having waited till he had gone out of sight, I left the plot and in my turn approached the wall, where I easily discovered the stone. I took it from the wall, and in a little hole dug in the masonry found a letter."

"At last," said the farmer in a voice trembling with fury. "It is at least a clever way of carrying on a criminal correspondence unknown to a father whom an unworthy daughter and a cowardly seducer wish to deceive. Give me the letter."

Slowly Pierre drew an envelope from his pocket, and handed it to his master.

The envelope bore no address. Jacques tore it open quickly, and eagerly read what follows:

"My darling wife." "Wife, wife!" he muttered, shaking with rage—"the hypocrite!" He resumed reading: "Four days without seeing you seem like a century to me. What, then, would it be were I obliged to live a whole year away from you? I tremble at the mere thought of the journey I must undertake for the consummation of our happiness. Come to-night at ten o'clock, when all are asleep at the farm—come, my love. I must see you and clasp you to my heart once more before I depart. A glance from your adored eyes and your sweet kisses will inspire me with fresh courage. I shall wait for you near the footbridge, and, as ever, we shall have no witnesses but the stars above us and the bowing willows that bathe their branches in the river. EDMUND."

As Jacques read this, deep wrinkles gathered on his brow, and his eyes glittered inauspiciously, while his horribly-contracted features, and pale, quivering lips revealed the ungovernable rage that rankled within him.

"The wretches, the wretches!" he muttered in a choked voice. "There, read, read, Pierre. Have I need of more proof? Those lines, written by the hand of a vile cur, tell my shame! That wretched girl has trampled her honor and mine in the mud! Ah, woe to this craven! woe to this disturber of my peace!"

Rouvenat, having slowly read the letter, turned again to his frantic master.

"Jacques," he said gently, "do not be hasty. He calls her his wife; he married her, no doubt, in Scotland; so things are not nearly so bad as you would suppose."

"He married her in Scotland! What, then? Is the case bettered? The laws of the Catholic Church of France acknowledge no marriage contracted by a French Catholic in such a manner; nor do the civil marriage-laws of France. But it's false, false! they were not married—it's all a lie!"

"Question her, question him, Jacques."

"No," said the farmer savagely. "A pretty parcel of lies they would have ready for me!"

"Then what are you going to do, Jacques?"

"I don't know," answered Mellier fiercely.

"Jacques, I entreat you, reflect."

"That is what I am doing; I am sounding the future."

"Beware! do not let your rage influence you. I scarcely dare look at you, Jacques; the expression of your eyes terrifies me. I am sure you are revolving something terrible in your mind."

"Yes, my vengeance!"

"Jacques, I assure you the harm is not so serious as you imagine; there is still time, perhaps, to ——"

"I am dishonored, I tell you. My daughter is now a base, degraded creature—a creature blighted and sullied by the crime of a ravisher of honor. Lucile Mellier is a lost girl!"

Rouvenat gave a sigh and hung his head.

"Where is she at this moment?" queried the farmer presently.

"In her room."

"Very good."

He took the billet, placed it in another envelope, which he sealed; then, handing it to Rouvenat, said sharply:

"Take that back to the place where you found it."

Pierre Rouvenat recoiled a step or two, with his eyes fixed on his master.

"Why, what are you going to do?" he cried uneasily.

"That concerns none but me," was the gruff reply.

"Let it be so. But, if I guess your intention, you wish to lay a trap for them. For what purpose? Jacquis, that is unworthy of you."

"I wish no observations," retorted the farmer, striking the floor violently with his foot; "I am not in a humor to listen to them!"

"Jacques, in the name of the wife you loved so dearly, permit me to insist. Call your daughter and question her."

"No, I told you—no! Leave me, and do as I bid you. I wish Lucile to keep this appointment to-night."

Pierre saw that it would be useless to attempt to appease his master's wrath; but in keeping silent then he by no means relinquished the idea of intervening later in order to protect his young mistress, whom he loved devotedly, and whom he sincerely believed guiltless of what her father accused her so positively. So, bowing his head once more, he slowly left the room.

* * * * * * *

On his return from the meadows that evening Rouvenat found Lucile alone in the large dining-room, preparing for supper. Her eyes were swollen and red, as if from weeping, which the good man perceived at a glance, and approached her with a sorrowful face.

"What ails you, my good Pierre?" said Lucile. "You look vexed."

"True, mademoiselle, I am not pleased, not at all pleased."

"Does not the work progress to suit you? Yet, surely, you have had a splendid day for your hay?"

"Yes, indeed, mademoiselle. One may even say that the sun has done three-fourths of the work. But, you see, it's not that that is bothering and grieving me."

"Can't you tell me what it is?" she said calmly.

Trembling with emotion, the old servant made a step towards her, with these words already at his tongue's end: "If it is your intention to take a walk this evening, after sundown, give it up, and remain in your room," when the sudden appearance of Jacques Mellier closed his mouth abruptly.

All he could do was to give the young girl a supplicating look; then he went away, sighing.

"Poor Pierre!" thought Lucile, "some real sorrow is weighing him down. He must have had to put up again with my father's ill-humor."

CHAPTER IV.—THE WOLF-HUNTER.

Towards half-past seven that evening, a powerfully-built man, over six feet in stature, wearing a slouch-hat, blouse and dark trousers tucked into heavy top-boots, and carrying a gun slung over his shoulder, presented himself at Seuillon. His face, like that of all workers in the fields at that time of the year, was wrinkled and swarthy; but, despite the rather hard expression that this gave it, it was decidedly sympathetic. He appeared to be about forty. His broad and square forehead and heavy brows, that met on the nose, and something proud and resolute in his eyes, bespoke a character of no common energy and determination.

Jean Renaud was the name of this person, but he was better known in the canton of Saint Irun as the Wolf-hunter.

On entering the farm-house, he doffed his hat and saluted Lucile respectfully. The young girl was still busy about the long oaken table which stood in the centre of the large dining-room. It was nigh time for the return of the hungry laborers from the meadows.

"Ah, it's you, Jean Renaud," she said cheerfully. "I am ever so glad to see you; you have not shown yourself at Seuillon for over a week."

"Quite true, mademoiselle, much to my regret. But, you know, it's haytime now, and ——"

"Yes, yes, I know, my good Jean," broke in Lucile, "these are, indeed, busy days for the industrious. But why have you your gun with you?"

"I was informed last night that a large she-wolf and two whelps had been seen in the Sueure woods; so I started out early this morning to look for them. But it was all lost pains. I have beat the woods the whole day in vain. They must have escaped to the forest during the night."

"Are we never to get entirely rid of those frightful beasts?" said Lucile, with a shudder.

"Oh, have no fear! I'll take good care of them. Besides, they will never trouble Seuillon; it's much too far away. Fortunately, they grow more scarce every year; I have only killed one during the past nine months."

"And have you not seen Genevieve since you set out this morning?"

"No. But my absence won't give her any anxiety; she knows I'm well able to look after myself. Moreover, I told her that I wouldn't return till quite late, for I must go to Terroise on an errrand, and on my way back I have to stop at Fremicourt for a bag of flour."

"Dear me, Jean, do you never get tired?"

"Oh, I'm used to fatigue!" said the Wolf-hunter with a smile.

"Won't you stop and sup with us?"

"No, I thank you; I took my dinner with me this morning; and as I didn't eat it until about an hour ago, I'm not at all hungry."

"But you won't refuse a glass of wine?"

"Oh, you're too kind, mademoiselle. I—I might accept that much, just to please you."

Lucile placed a bottle and glass before Renaud, and when he had refreshed himself with a copious draught of the ruby liquid she said to him:

"Give my love to dear Genevieve, and tell her that I will be around to see her in the morning."

"Oh, she will be so delighted to see you, mademoiselle, for she loves no one as she does you. Wife and I, you see, are alike in some respects; we are always grateful, and never forget a kindness shown us. Just think of all you have done for her! And your father—Heaven bless him!—how can I ever repay him for all his kindness to me? Can I ever forget that Winter's day when I fell through the ice on the millpond at Fremicourt, and would have drowned but for Jacques Mellier, who plunged into the water at the risk of his life and saved me! Not I. The freezing water gave him such a shock that it was months before he quite recovered his health. And then, again, when I returned from the army in Africa, having served out my time, and wanted to marry my good Genevieve, who had been waiting for me so long and so patiently, but could not because I was too poor, what did your honored father again do for me? Why, bless him! in spite of my remonstrance, he thrust a thousand-franc bill into my hand, and bid me go and buy a little house and wed her. You probably don't know all about this, mademoiselle, for your father isn't one of those men that talk about their benevolent deeds."

"True, Jean," said Lucile, with tears in her eyes, "I did not know of this."

"Ah, and I have never been able to pay back the thousand francs," continued the Wolf-hunter. And he added quickly, with great animation: "Jean Renaud owes Jacques Mellier a debt that money cannot pay; but just let the occasion offer, and he would pay it with his life, if necessary—with the life your worthy father saved!"

"He knows you have a noble heart," said Lucile, with emotion; "and he evidently considers your warm friendship sufficient payment."

"But that doesn't satisfy me, mademoiselle. Just give me the opportunity, and you will see whether I am capable of a sacrifice or no for your dear father!"

* * * * * * *

It was on the stroke of eight o'clock when the Wolf-hunter rose to go.

"I must leave you now, mademoiselle," he said, "with my sincere thanks for your generous hospitality. I'll tell Genevieve that you will call in the morning, and right glad she will be to hear it. Good-evening, mademoiselle. Give my respects to your noble father."

He started for the door, but stopped suddenly, looking at his gun with an embarrassed air; then said:

"Would you allow me to leave my gun here till the morning? As I shall have a bag of flour to carry from Fremicourt, it might be in my way."

The request was readily granted, and, having hung his weapon on the wall over the mantel, Jean left the house with a respectful bow, and his long strides had soon carried him out of sight.

CHAPTER V.—THE MEETING AND THE CRIME.

It wanted a quarter to ten. Profound silence reigned about the house and farm. Lucile Mellier opened her bedroom door and listened; then, evidently reassured by the deathlike stillness that prevailed, she glided from the threshold, descended the stairs with a light step, holding her breath, crossed the dining-room quickly, opened a door, which she did not take the trouble to close after her, and entered a narrow corridor, at the end of which was the little back entrance of which we have already spoken. She drew the bolt with great caution, opened the door noiselessly, and the next instant disappeared in the night. Behind her, Jacques Mellier had opened his bedroom-door also, and, like her, had descended the stairs stealthfully. If he could have seen his face in a glass at that moment, he would not have recognized himself, so ghastly and distorted were his features. Groping in the dining-room, he seized one of the guns that hung over the mantel-piece; then, uttering a sort of hollow roar, he sprang towards the corridor. But Pierre Rouvenat stood before him, barring the way.

"Where are you going, Jacques?" he asked.

"Leave me!" replied the farmer hoarsely.

"No, you shall not go out!"

"Leave me, I tell you—go away—let me pass!"

"No!"

"Wretch!" yelled Jacques, maddened with rage.

And throwing himself upon the faithful servant, upon the devoted friend, he clutched him by the throat and pushed him back with brutal violence.

Quite unprepared for this sudden attack, Pierre lost his equilibrium, and in falling his head came in contact with a corner of the table, and he rolled over on the floor, where he lay at full length, senseless.

Without even being conscious of what he had done, Jacques rushed from the house, bare-headed, foaming with rage, blinded, mad, and flew through the gardens.

Having passed the garden-wall, Lucile proceeded quickly towards the Sablense. The young stranger awaited her on the opposite bank, a short distance from the footbridge. She was at his side in an instant. Without uttering a word, he clasped her in his arms and pressed her to his heart. Their lips met. It was not merely a kiss, but the reunion of two hearts pledged to each other.

He led her presently to a group of poplars, in the midst of which they stopped.

Once there, he spoke for the first time:

"My darling Lucile, when I think of the dangers you brave in order to give me a moment's happiness I reproach myself bitterly. Oh, you must think me very exacting!"

"I love you!" she whispered sweetly.

"Precious angel!" he resumed in an agitated voice, "instead of complaining, you utter words that open the sky to me! Up to the present, Lucile, I have received everything from you. I was cursing my miserable existence, the mystery of my birth, my forsaken life, when you rose before me, beautiful and smiling as a ray of hope. In fine, you have given me the only joys I have ever known; and what have I given you in exchange? Nothing but cares, sorrow and anxiety."

"Hush, Edmund, my husband, hush; that is not true!"

"Oh! you are too good, too generous to admit it. I have shown too much weakness, my darling; I have hesitated too long. You have been forced to dissemble long enough, Lucile; deception is not in your noble nature. It is a crime to impose deceit on your dear heart; your pure glances protest against a lie!"

"Do not think of that, Edmund. I have kept our secret in order to protect our love, and I shall continue to keep it for the same reason. You must not reproach yourself for anything. What I have done I would do again if need be. But you have made up your mind, have you not? You leave to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow, without fail," he replied sadly.

"It is more than the mystery of your birth, Edmund, that you are about to unveil," she went on; "you are about to insure our happiness. Shrink before nothing, disclose our secret if necessary; let the thought of me sustain you, let my love give you strength."

"I have seen you once more, and felt your heart beat against mine. I shall not lack courage hereafter."

"Then go, dear Edmund, my husband, go, and return soon with happy news for poor Lucile."

"I shall be in Paris the day after to-morrow."

"In Paris!" exclaimed the young girl; "why there?"

"Because the mystery is to be found there now. The old nurse who brought me up is dead, and ——"

"Dead!" broke in Lucile, like an echo. "O God, O God! How can you get at the truth without her assistance?"

"Reassure yourself, my darling. Before dying, Marianne wrote me a letter, in which she gives me the address of a notary in Paris, who sent her every three months the money necessary for our existence. To know this is already something. But this notary is evidently only an agent. Behind him, in the background, is a more direct representative of my family. There is a name in her letter—a great name, with the title of count. I won't reveal it to you yet, dearest, lest I be mistaken and encourage you to entertain too bright hopes. Ah! I feel it—this rich and powerful man holds my fate in his hands! He knows who I am and what my position ought to be. After all, what do I want? To claim a right. I want the name that belongs to me, no matter what it be; for without it I cannot present myself to your father. Cost what it may, I must have this name, be it humble or great!"

"Edmund," replied Lucile in her soft and quivering voice, "no matter what interest your family may have had in concealing the secret of your birth, they cannot deny you some information respecting it, the moment they know that the existence of several beings is at stake. Therefore, I still remain full of confidence and hope as ever. I shall count the hours till your return. Ah, may you soon be able to send me good news. But no matter what happens, Edmund, whether you succeed or no, write me from Paris—openly, this time. Sooner or later my father must be told the whole truth. I shall throw myself on my knees before him, and, bowed beneath his terrible look, I shall confess all to him. I know that his grief and anger will be frightful, but, as our love will be in question, I shall find words for its defense and obtain our pardon. And now, dear Edmund, let us separate. Although we have been here but a very, very short while, and to part so soon is more painful, I dare not remain longer for fear of discovery, as my father has seemed to watch me strangely all day, as if he were trying to read my secret."

"What!" broke in the young man. "You think he suspects something?"

"Oh, dear Edmund, do not let what I said worry you; it may have been all in my foolish imagination. Father does get into terribly bad moods, though, and they frighten me so. There, I must really go. Once in the privacy of my room, I shall offer up a prayer for your success."

He drew her to him; she threw her arms around his neck, and they remained for a moment with heart beating against heart.

"Oh!" he murmured, "you are the breath that gives me life; the pure light of your eyes banishes the clouds from my mind. You are more than my life, you are my whole soul! I shall take this last kiss with me as a talisman."

She escaped from his arms, took a step backwards, then threw herself upon his neck once more, kissed him over and over again, and finally, tearing herself from his lingering and passionate embrace, hastened off through the trees.

The young man left the group of poplars in his turn, and stopped to watch Lucile. He saw her cross the footbridge, hurry along the path by the river, and finally disappear in the shade of the first trees surrounding the farmhouse. Then he made across the meadow at a brisk pace, and soon reached the road leading to Saint Irun, which branches into the one running from Seuillon to Fremicourt.

He had not proceeded far when he stopped all at once, thinking he saw the silhouette of a man about a hundred paces in front of him, a short distance from the side of the road, and his heart began to throb violently.

"Pshaw!" he said to himself, "am I afraid? What I take for a man is evidently but a bush."

Completely reassured by this reflection, he continued on his way, quickening his steps. When he had approached within a few feet of the black mass which he took for a bush, it seemed to dart forward suddenly, directly before him, and the next instant a sharp report broke the stillness of the night. At the same time he gave a stifled cry, raised his hands to his breast, and, tottering forward a few paces, fell flat on his face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WICKED MARINER.

A Buffalo lake captain, when interviewed regarding his experience of the great gale of two weeks ago, answered that he spent more than an hour in prayer. A Chicago captain said he was made to feel what an awful sinner he was. A Cleveland replied that he

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

(For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record.")

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

B. AND B., Sparta.—The official vote for Tilden in this city in 1876 was 112,536, and Hayes' was 58,561. There is as yet no official vote for 1880. As near as we can get at it, Garfield polled about 28,000 more votes than Hayes, and Hancock about 10,000 more than Tilden. Hayes and Hancock about 10,000 more than Tilden. Hayes and Hancock about 10,000 more than Tilden. Hayes

CKET.

ILTON CLUB.
eld its semi-annual meeting
ober, when the reports of
and those of the treasurer
te satisfactory. The latter's
ht first-class matches were
were won, two were lost,
The secretary was instruct-
in accordance with a sug-
nd ascertain the expense of
bowler, and it was decided
cription-list to raise a fund
professional. Mr. Hope an-
gentlemen in the city were
t-stock company to buy up
now rented, for their value,
position seemed to strike the
to action was taken in the
of members of the club for
as follows:

VERAGES, 1880.

Highest in Time	unt. Innings.	Not Out.	Aver'ge.
53	124	0	51
91	39	0	13
48	33	0	8
97	24	1	10.87
66	37	1	9.50
72	16	1	9 43
45	1	1	9
76	34	0	8.44
20	16	1	6.66
39	16	2	6.50
48	11	0	4.80
15	8	0	4.50
50	13	0	3.33

AVERAGES, 1880.

Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Av'ge.
23	68	15	4.53
44	128	26	4.92
57	296	53	5.37
35	200	24	8.33
4			4
2			2
8			

game is said to have been
of the Girard Club, Philadel-
elevens of a society of emig-
of that city, and is worthy
ore of 105 credited to one of
aggregate of 220 runs made
. Peach is the name of the
h this large score. The re-
20 to 25 and 23.

e sale of tickets at the Cana-
er in Philadelphia amounted
her sources over a hundred
fair business. F. S. Chanfrau in "Kit" played 5
6, to good business, and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau in
"Parted" at the matinee 6 to large business.....
Coming 8, for three nights and matinee, Bartley
Campbell's "Matrimony" Company; 12, 13, Mr.
and Mrs. George S. Knight in "Otto."..... At the
Opera-house (see Musical) billed 9, for five nights
and matinee. Willie Edouin's "Sparks" Combina-
tion.....Frank A. Tannehill's "Davy Crockett" Com-
bination, under the management of M. E. Gardiner,
was reorganized with the following people: F. A.
Tannehill, Eula Talbot, Carrie Lewis, Percy Lewis,
Howard Cone, Harry Blanchard, H. J. Watson and
J. R. Kates. They left on for Monroe, Mich.,
where they open 8 under the management of Man-
ager Whitney of the Michigan Circuit, for a few
weeks' tour through the state.....James Edwards
of the Coliseum Theatre, Cincinnati, was in the
city this week on business. E. M. Gardiner, man-
ager Frank Mayo and Frank A. Tannehill, left
5 for Cincinnati.

HERNE'S "HEARTS OF OAK" was presented in
the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., to fair business
the past week. The Soldene Comic-opera Com-
pany open Nov. 8, and Nat Goodwin's "Prolixes"
15.....A False Friend" was presented at the
Novelty Theatre by Palmer's new combination
Nov. 1. Our correspondent says: "The cast was
as follows: Lucian Gleyre, L. M. McCormick;
Cuthbert Fielding, G. F. Devere; Andrew, John
Wilson; General Sandys, W. J. Crompton; Ab-
ercrombie Courtwell, Harl Conway; Cyril Gar-
land, E. L. Davenport; John Ax, Alfred Becks;
Thomas Bayard, Joseph A. Smith; Bob, R. M.
Stanley; Edith Fielding, Eleanor Carey; Lady
Gordon, Kate Denin; Rebecca Santley, Alice
Brooks; Eugenia Maitland, Nellie Morant; Mar-
garetta Maitland, Nellie Mortimer; Mrs. Nina
Chauncey, Miss Sara Lascelles. Joseph Whiting
was billed to appear as Lucian Gleyre, and the
local papers credited him with the assumption
of that character, but he did not play it. It
was also announced that Miss Blanche De Far
would assume the role of Rebecca Santley, but
the lady did not appear. Business was only fair."
Herne's 'Hearts of Oak' will be presented 8. Aldrich
and Parsloe in 'My Partner' 15.....Miss Lillian
Spencer is to appear in 'Nora's Vow" in Haverly's
theatre 15.....'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was given at
the Academy of Music 5, 6, to fair business. It is
John H. Burnett, Gracie Wade, George F. McDonald,
L. E. Barker, Julia Sheldon and Little Pearl. Fair
business."

THE THIRD CLUB at Ford's Opera-house, Balti-
more, Md., played to good business the past week.
The "One Hundred Wives" Combination open 8.
....Maggie Mitchell appeared at the Holliday Nov.
1, 2, and matinee 6 in "Lorle." 3, 4, in "Fanchon," 5
"Pearl of Savoy," and "Little Emily." The
company did "Camille" at the matinee 3 in good
style. Business ruled good through the week. For
8 is announced "Two Nights in Rome".....Dudley
Buck's "Deseret" failed to score a success at the
Academy of Music, the action being draggy. The
Tronbadours open 8.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Washington, D. C., was
occupied during the past week by Miss Maud
Granger and combination in "Two Nights in
Rome," attracting a fair attendance. Our corre-
spondent remarks: "Miss Granger as Antonia
shows great improvement since she last appeared
here. Horace Lewis as Bennidetti acted to per-
fection. Harry Fairleigh as Gerald Massey, Charles
Stanley as Abija Peabody, and Katie Gilbert as
Evelyn Aubrey were especially good. The remain-
der of the cast was fair. Rice's Bijou-opera com-
pany in Holyoke, Mass., Nov. 11, Northampton 12.

N. C. GOODWIN'S FROLIQUERS are to be in Water-
bury, Ct., Nov. 8, Bridgeport 9, New Haven 10.

THE "FOUR SEASONS" COMPANY show in Port-
land, Me., Nov. 8, 9, 10, 11, Lowell, Mass., 12, 13,
Woonsocket, R. I., 16, 17.

SHERLEY'S "CONSTABLE HOOK" COMBINATION are
billed in Bangor, Me., Nov. 8, 9, Portland 23 to 27,
inclusive.

ANNIE PIXLEY and company in "M'liss" are to
be in Waterbury, Ct., Nov. 10, Danbury 12, Stam-
ford 13.

GUS WILLIAMS and company are due in Augusta,
Ga., Nov. 10, 11, Charlotte, N. C., 12, Greensboro 13,
Raleigh 15, Norfolk, Va., 16, 17, Richmond 18, 19, 20.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "GALLEY SLAVE" Party
are to appear in Augusta, Ga., Nov. 9, Charleston,
S. C., 10, 11, Savannah, Ga., 12, 13, Athens 16, At-
lanta 17, Montgomery, Ala., 18, Mobile 19, 20, New
Orleans La., 21, one week.

SEVERAL DRAMAS are offered for sale by C. B.,
who advertises.

THE ANNIE PIXLEY "M'LISS" COMBINATION is re-
ported as doing a large business in the New Eng-
land circuit. In Lowell, Mass., Nov. 5, all of the
seats were sold before noon for the performance
that night.

ABBEY'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" Co. is posted in
New Haven, Ct., Nov. 8, Newark, N. J., 9, Paterson
10, Trenton 11, Easton, Pa., 12, Harrisburg 13,
Steubenville, O., 16, Columbus 17, Louisville, Ky.,
18.

CLAUDE WILLIAMS joins the Gulick-Blaisdell
Guaranteed Attraction, No. 1, as advance-agent.

FRANK FRAYNE'S COMPANY opens in Cincinnati,
O., Nov. 8, for one week; thence to Sidney 15, Dela-
ware 16, Newark 17, Mt. Vernon 18, Washington
C. H., 19.

MISS ADAH and Harry Don joined the Amy Stone
"Cigarette" Troupe at North Adams, Mass., re-
cently.

FROM CHICAGO, ILL., under date of Nov. 6, our correspondent wrote: "It has been a very good week generally with the places of amusement, not-
withstanding the election excitement. At Hooley's the Comley-Barton Company presented 'Lawn-tenis.' While this is decidedly the best of Wood's three pieces of this character, it is so thoroughly English in tone that it suggests the idea that it was probably taken from some old English play. Col-lier's Company, presenting 'The Banker's Daughter,' come Nov. 8, the Tile Club 15. The Comley-Barton Company go to Detroit.....At McVick-er's the Knights presented their familiar play of 'Otto' all the week. J. B. Polk as the Gen-telman from Nevada comes 8, 'Hazel Kirke' 15. The Knights go to Indianapolis, Ind., 8, 9, 10, Evansville 11, Louisville, Ky., 12, 13.....At Haverly's the Tourists offered some novel-ties and some fresh faces in the cast. They go to St. Louis. The Kiralfys begin a somewhat lengthy season 8, opening in 'Around the World.'.....At the Grand Opera-house Miss Agnes Robertson and a fair company presented 'Jessie Brown' 1, 2, 3, 4, and 'Arrah-na-Pogue' 5, 6, and matinees 3, 6. The company return to New York, where, it is reported, they will abandon. Rose Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels begin a season 7. Their manager, Harry Clapham, has been here the past week. Frank Mayo comes 15.....At the Olympic Maud Forrester, O. B. Collins and company appeared in 'Mazeppa' all of the week. They go to St. Louis. Snelbaker's Majestic Con-solidation comes 8.....James O'Neil, who has been in town several days past, left for New York 3.....At the Halsted-street Opera-house, which during their last week presented 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'.....At the National 'The Black Crook' has done a very large business, and will be con-tinued another week.....The Gilberts—James M. and Belle—go with Charles Hoyt's 'A Bunch of Whitcomb' Company.....Robert McNair and Liz-zie Ingles join Barney Macauley in St. Louis 22.....W. H. Stuart and company play 'Lost in Lon-don' at Welch's Hall 11, 12, 13. Stuart joins with Gulick & Blaisdell's 'An Arabian Night' Combination 15.....At the Olympic 15, Harry Richmond and company; 22, Pat Rooney Combination.....J. A. Lord and company, including Louie Lord, Chas. E. Chapin, Nellie Thorne, C. R. Webster and L. L. Fargo, leave for Deadwood, D. T., the coming week, to play under J. S. Rogers' management...David A. Strong, scenic-artist at Haverly's, is preparing a series of elaborate transformation scenes for Hav-erly's New Mastodon Minstrels.....Daniel Rochat was to have been acted by the German Company at McVicker's ?."

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Newark, N. J., the Strat-egists appeared Nov. 4, 5, 6, to good business. Nat Goodwin's Froliques 8, 9. "Humpty Dumpty" 10, 11, 12. "Our Gentlemen Friends" Combination 11, 12. Fanny Davenport 13.....At the Grand Opera-house Joseph H. Keane appeared as Rip Van Winkle 4 and as Bill Sykes 5, supported by Miss Kate D. Pell and company, beginning to-night as to have very commendable performance. Nothing billed.

ADA CAVENDISH opens in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house for one week, beginning Nov. 8.....Joseph Jefferson and company played there 4, 5, 6, in "The Rivals" and "Rip Van Winkle," to large au-diences.

ARIEL, the flying danseuse, who began an engage-ment at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre Oct. 26, has proved a big card there. Her novel and pretty scenes of the spectacular piece "The Children of Captain Grant," makes a decided sensation by its novelty, gracefulness and skillful working. Dates in the future can be arranged through her agent, G. Alexander Brown, whose address find in another column.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY OSBORN are playing at the Theatre Royal, Toronto, Canada, this week.

AFTER TWO WEEKS of almost unbroken quiet in theatrical circles, our correspondent says: "Tony Denier's Pantomime Troupe appeared in Wieting Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 4, to a large audience. His combination is much stronger than last year, and is more successful. There is nothing billed at this house for the coming (this) week."

THE "ALL THE RAGE" COMBINATION was in Eau Claire, Wis., Nov. 7, Madison 2, Beloit 3, Elgin, Ill., 4, Amorah 5, Ottawa 6, and is due in Bloomington 8, Racine, Wis., 9, Milwaukee 10, 11, 12, 13, Chicago 15, one week.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is to appear at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 15, in "Jane Eyre."

W. J. SCANLAN is to produce his new play called "Tony O'Dowd," written by Frank Rogers, in Jer-sey City Nov. 15, 16.

NOXON, HALLEY & TOOMEY, scenic-artists for the Opera-house and Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., were awarded the contract for stocking Green's New Opera-house, Cedar Rapids, Ia., notwithstand-ing that they were the highest bidders.

JOHN DENIER'S "Humpty Dumpty" Pantomime Troupe wants a Columbine and a lady for bur-lesque business. See Business-manager Frank Vanderbilt's card.

GUSTAVE FROHMAN telegraphs to THE CLIPPER: "St. Louis, Nov. 8, advance sale up to to-day for 'Hazel Kirke' this week six thousand dollars."

MINNIE OSCAR GRAY, Wm. T. Stephens and their dogs Romeo, Zip and Nero were the entertainers this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., in their play "Saved from the Storm." Notwith-standing the election excitement, Manager William Harris says that they drew big business a state-ment which Manager Parker of the Grand Opera-house Theatre, this city, endorses in a card elsewhere as being true also of their engagement at his house. J. A. Brown is their agent.

FRANK MAYO and company appeared in Louis-ville Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, Evansville 5, 6, and is to begin an engagement in St. Louis, Mo., 7.

HAVERLY'S "WIDOW BEDOTT" TROUPE played in Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 2, 3, Marshall, Texas, 4, Dallas 6, and is advertised in Corsicana 8, Austin 9, 10, Brenham 12, 13.

THE KNIGHTS' "OTTO" COMBINATION are due in Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 8, Evansville 9, Louisville, Ky., 10, 11, Carroll, Ill., 12, Evansville, Ind., 13, Terre Haute 15, Peoria, Ill., inclusive, and Burlington 17.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON played in "Across the Continent" Nov. 4 and matinee and night 6, and in "Ten Thousand Miles Away" 5 in Buffalo, N. Y., to large audiences. He goes to Newark, O., 8, Colum-bus 9, Chillicothe 10, Springfield 11, Dayton 12, Richmond, Ind., 13. Opening in Buffalo 8, for one week, Jarrett's "Cinderella."..... The Boston Ideal "Uncle Tom" Co. played in St. James' Hall 3, and matinee.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION is billed in Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 8, 9, Franklin 10, 11, Gallatin, Tenn., 12, 13, Nashville 15, 16.

RIAL & DRAPER'S "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" COMBI-NATION played at Meadville, Pa., Nov. 1, to a crowded house. They open in Cleveland, O., 8, for one week.

WALTER MILLS, English scenic-artist, desires an engagement. See address elsewhere.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 1, 2, 3, Lotta appeared to good business in "Musette" and "Zip." Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" drew crowded houses 5, 6. Announced for 11, 13, Mapleson Opera Company. Safayette, the Corinthian Academy of Music 4, 5, 6, D'Oyly Carte's Company in "The Pirates of Penzance" to fair business, "Pinafore" is to be sung by the Rochester Opera Company 9, 10. Harry Rich-mond's company is billed for 15, 16, 17.

N. C. GOODWIN'S FROLIQUES appeared in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Nov. 1, 2, and reappeared 5, 6. Bartley Campbell's "Galley Slave" Company occupied the house 3, 4, and "Humpty Dumpty" is billed 8, 9, Ford & Denham's Mas-queraders 12, 13. No announcements for 10, 11.

CAMPBELL'S COMIC COTERIE, about to take the road with a new piece entitled "Tit for Tat, or a Lover's Frolic," includes Susie Kirwin, Lizzie Campbell, Emily Mortimer, M. W. Fiske, R. E. Hawley, A. J. Walsh and H. Webster.

THE ENGAGEMENT of Minnie Palmer's Galety Company at the New England (Mo.) Theatre Nov. 4, 5, 6, says our correspondent, "proved unsuccess-ful financially, owing in part to the weather, but more to the lack of merit in the entertainment. Booked: Buffalo Bill 18, 19, Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels 22, Shelley's Constable Hook Company 23, for the rest of the week. C. H. Newell is now treasurer, in place of F. A. Drinkwater."

MUSICAL.

RAFAEL JOSEFFY, the Hungarian pianist, was again prevented by continued illness from fulfil-ling his engagement with Manager C. A. Pugh to concertize at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Nov. 4, the entertainment having been postponed to that date from Oct. 28. Mr. Pugh, however, promptly engaged August Wilhenj, the Teutonic fiddler; Constantin Sternberg, the Russian pianist; the De Montello Italian-operatic Concert Company, comprising Signora Sofia De Montello, Mlle. Jeanne Chastel, Signor Roberto Stautini and Signor Giorgio Castelli. The house was fuli.....At the same place, under the same management, a con-cert is to be given Nov. 8 by the Ideal Colored Con-cert Company, which includes Mme. Maria Selika and Mme. Isabella Miles Taylor, soprani; Alice J. Mink, contralto; Wallace King, tenor; Sampson Williams, baritone; J. M. Waddy, basso; Jos. R. Brindis, fiddler; and Sam Lucas, humfo.

OSCAR M. NEWELL, the American pianist, will give piano-recitals at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts every evening during the continuance of the annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Society of Artists, which is now in progress there.

AT THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, Philadelphia, the Germania Orchestra gave its first public re-hearsal this season afternoon of Nov. 1. The second took place afternoon of Nov. 4. These rehearsals will be given every subsequent Thursday afternoon until some time next Spring. The orchestra has been augmented to forty musicians.

H. B. MAHN'S COMIC-OPERA COMPANY opens in "Boccaccio" at the Arch-street Theatre, Phila-delphia, Nov. 8.

THE STRAKOSCH & HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COM-PANY sang "Aida" and "Fra Diavolo" in the Provi-dence (R. I.) Opera-house Nov. 3, 4, to good-sized audiences, Marie Roze taking the role of Aida, Sara Barton, Ameris; Arthur Byrne, Rhadames; Messrs. Conly, the King, and H. Peakes the Priest. Perugini rendered the role of Fra Diavolo; Miss Ab-bie Carrington, Zerlina; Miss Anandale, Lady Al-cash; Henry Peakes, Beppo; James Peakes, Lord Allcash; and Mr. Conly, Giacomo. Our correspond-ent says: "The company is hardly strong enough for the rigorous requirements of 'Aida,' and appears to better advantage in 'Fra Diavolo,' which is more within its capabilities."

"MY BLUE-EYED DARLING FAR AWAY," a tenor or soprano song, is published by W. H. Woodruff, who advertises.

A YOUNG MAN who plays brass and string and sings seeks an engagement either with a dramatic or operatic company. Address D. C. Brown, as per advertisement.

BUSINESS with the Oakes Bros.' Concert Company still continues excellent. They are now in Minne-sota, in which State they will remain about two months.

A NUMBER OF MUSICIANS posted in the variety business are wanted by FRANZ LAMB, who adver-tises.

A LEADER for a variety theatre is wanted. See Ben Hayes' card.

ZELDA SEGUIN, having recovered from her illness, is to rejoin the Emma Abbott Opera Troupe this week in Nashville, Tenn.

THEODORE MARGGRAFF, a prominent musician of Indianapolis, Ind., and at one time a member of Beissenherz's orchestra of that city, died of con-sumption Nov. 2.

THE MCGIBNEY FAMILY had a crowded house in Portland, Me., Nov. 1, and fair business 2, 3.

JULIA RIVE-KING'S CONCERT TROUPE is billed in Richmond, Va., Nov. 15, 16; thence to Charleston, S. C.

THE MCNEIL SISTERS' CONCERT COMPANY and Warren Richards, humorist, are billed in Ridge-ville, Ind., Nov. 8, Hartford City 9, Montpelier 10, Bluffton 11, Warren 12, Oseon 13. Miss Laura Mc-Neil recently joined the troupe.

MILES' JUVENILE OPERA COMPANY play in New Albany, Ind., Nov. 8, Evansville 9, 10, Terre Haute 11, 12, Lafayette 13, La Porte 15, Peoria, Ill., 16, 17, Decatur 18, Springfield 19, 20.

THE WERNERS, bellringers, are to ring their chimes in Howell, Mich., Nov. 8, Brighton 9, Ply-mouth 10, Milford 11, Holly 12. C. W. Burch, basso, joined at Lovell, Mich.

THE ITALIAN-OPERA TROUPE at date of our last advices were busily engaged rehearsing in Ha-vana, Cuba, and on Nov. 3 were to have brought out "Aida."..... The French Opera-bouffe Com-pany, under the management of M. Grau, were to have arrived Nov. 2.

KATE THAYER'S CONCERT COMPANY and Curti's Spanish Students are to sing in Rutland, Vt., Nov. 8, Bennington 9, Pittsfield, Mass., 10, Cambridge-port 11, Andover 12.

BENNETT & MOULTON'S JUVENILE OPERA COM-PANY sing in Greenfield, Mass., Nov. 8, Sherburne Falls 9, Orange 10, Athol 11, Gardiner 12, Fitchburg 13, Leominster 15, Hudson 16, Maynard 17, Mari-boro' 18, Concord 19, Waltham 20.

THE CORINNE MERRYMAKERS are to appear in Albany, N. Y., Nov. 8, 9, 10, Troy 11, 12, 13, Mont-real, P. Q., 15 and week, Ottawa 22, 23, 24.

MRS. H. E. H. CARTER and her opera company are to sing in Reading, Mass., Nov. 8, Gardner 9, Athol 10, Waltham 11, Exeter, N. H., 12.

THE IDEAL OPERA COMPANY will be in Haver-hill, Mass., Nov. 9, Portland, Me., 10, Lowell, Mass., 11.

KATE THAYER and her company concertize in Rutland, Vt., Nov. 8, Pittsfield, Mass., 10, Cam-bridgeport 11, Andover 12.

VARIETY HALLS.

DEAD.—Samuel Norman, who for the past four years had been performing in the Volks' Garden, on the Bowery, died of yellow fever Oct. 24 at the "National Integrity," a celebrated private hospital in Havana, Cuba. Our correspondent says: "He had been removed from his hotel only a few hours before his demise. This hospital is a first-class institution. It cost him in the neigh-borhood of fifty dollars gold for his admission and four dollars per day as long as he remained in the house. He was taken sick 20, and, although he desired to leave with the rest of the troupe 23, the doctor would not permit it, and the arrangements for his reception in the hospital having been made, he was taken there in a coach, accompanied by Frank Morosco and Alfred Liston, and at about eleven o'clock of the same night he died. He was buried in the San Antonio Chiquito with Roman Catholic services.....The Morosco Family, acrobats; Alfred Liston, musical specialties; the Chappelle Sisters, clog; and Mlle. Zoe, flying-rings, at the last mo-ment decided to remain here, instead of sailing 23 for the United States, and 30 they showed in the Cosmopolitan Circus, where they will perform until the latter part of next week, when they will start on the road under the title of the Pavilion Metropolitan. Leon & Leopold, managers, proprie-tors and directors. Leon De Leon and Geo. Leo-pold have made arrangements which will keep them on the road nearly all Winter, and the com-pany will consist of the above-mentioned artists and all of Leopold's circus people. Chas. Comelli has been discharged, and is no longer in any way connected with the circus."

BEN COTTON JR. died of consumption in Bristol, R. I., Nov. 6, aged 30 years. He was a well-and well-known minstrel performer, who, with his wife and daughter, Little Idaline, is traveling as the feature of a dramatic company under the management of Charles Forbes. The son had been before the pub-lic for over five years on the variety stage as a sing-and-dance performer, and had had a number of partners, among the latest being Andy McKee and Robert Birdue (whose death we recorded a cou-ple of weeks ago), Cotton and Birdue joined forces with Voney Lovely, styling themselves the Three American Team, and all sailed for England in the steamship Bolivia June 3, 1876. Their performances there met with much success. Mr. Cotton married while abroad, and after the quartet disbanded he, with his wife, came to this country; but, being in ill health, he performed here only a short time. Joseph Lovely, the sole survivor of the American Team, is in a hospital in Manchester, Eng., suffer-ing from an illness from which it is believed he cannot recover.

THE ARRIVALS at the Grand Central, Troy, N. Y., Nov. 1, were the Megatherian Four, Clooney and Ryan, McVicker and Sullivan and Carrie Wilson, the last re-engaged in consequence of another lady's failure to appear. The attendance ever good during the week. All the above departed 6. Booked for 8: Charles and Annie Whiting, Landis and Steele, Weston and Hanson and Nellie Hague.....The funeral of little Dora Curley, daugh-ter of Mike Curley, was largely attended, the Grand Central staff and company being present. The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful, the contributions being chiefly from the theatre com-pany and attaches. Jerry Cohan also contrib-uted a touching poem.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, since our last, were the following stars: Mons. Leo-pold and Mast. Harry Wentworth, Reynolds and Walling, Wm. and Lon Hayle, Alex. and Flora Zan-dorfy, Phillips and Evans, Pearce, Niles and Evans, Pete Sawyer, Lynn Sisters, Kelly and Ryan and De Voy Sisters, Luminaries to twinkle Nov. 8: Fred Hallen and Enid Hart, Frank Melville, Ada Forrest, Richardson and Young, Seamon, Somers and Girard Bros., the Marcelles, Harris and Wood, John Harrison, Lot-tie Elliott, John B. Wills and May Adams, and Maas and Drew. Business continues very large.....

Judge Elcock has appointed T. E. Jinks, a well-known member of the Philadelphia bar, as an examiner to take testimony in the suit of A. F. Stetwell against Wm. Gallagher and Wm. J. Gil-more, already reported at length in these columns.

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, did an improving business during the week ending Nov. 6, with Rose and Harry Franklin, Nellie Berryl, Frank Jones and Alice Montague, Chas. Redmond and Georgie Blake, Orndorff and McDonald, Charley King, John F. Raymond, Harry Guion, Billy Bryant, Joe Peyser, Fred Ward, and Rita Sedger, who pleased greatly with her serio-comic singing, and highly received a hearty encore in the first-part for her admirable rendition of Dr. Frank H. Wade's popular ballad "Smile for Me Your Sweet-est Smile." Arrivals expected Nov. 8: Austin Mit-tenbeuy's Tyrolean Warblers and Alpine Sangers—five in number—James Dalton, and May Diamond.

IN PHILADELPHIA Mrs. Annie Young, mother of Nellie Bland, the well-known operatic vocalist, died from an overdose of paregoric last week at her residence, 1,908 Alder street, where her funeral took place Nov. 3, the interment being made in Greenwood Cemetery.

AN ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE BILL was given at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., the past week, the artists being John and Lea Peasley, Add Ryman, Mollie Wilson, Barney and James Kine, Ella Wesner, and Wm. T. Stephens and Minnie Oscar Gray, with the canine stars Romeo, Zip and Nero, in a pantomime drama "Saved from the Storm." Ralph Delmore appeared as Colonel Hasbrook, and the stock company furnished additional support. An extra matinee was given 2. The female Wazoppa Family, Lou Buckingham, the Rice Brothers, Green and Rowe, John West, Le Petit Victor, and ten pyramidal leapers from the Cirque Imperial, Paris, are the stars for 8. .....Our correspondent says: "C. L. Graves' Noah's Ark Combination will not, in all probability, come to this house 29, as announced. As Mr. Graves is determined to abide by his bond, legal steps may be taken to hold our local manager to his contract..... The new faces to-day at the Boston Museum are Mlle. Alvo, Shan-non, Murphy and Mack, Lulu Arnott, Bobby New-comb, Georgie Melnotte and the Four Comets—Hawley, Manning and Cooper Brothers. Business exceptionally good. Arrivals: Charles Wat-field, Cardello and Victorelli, Sam Martin and Liz-zie Parker."

AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., an excellent bill was given the past week to fine houses. The new faces were Lew Wesley, Maud Leigh, Charles Frey, Florence Marshall, Charles Glidden, Les Vamplers, Morello Bros. and ten young ladies in a minstrel first-part. Depart-ures 7: Les Vampiers, Wesleys, Maud Leigh, Miss Florence Marshall, Morello Bros. and Charles Glidden. Com-ing 8: Billy De Vern, Lottie Ward, W. L. Vanolar, Clifford and Skelly, Fred J. Huber, Kitty Allyne, Elise Kruger and Maud Clifford.....Hattie Waite, late of the George Fredericks Temperance Com-pany, makes her debut as a serio-comic at the Zoo, Indianapolis, 8.

L. W. WASHBURN'S SHOW is billed in Sunbury, Pa., Nov. 9, Culing's Grove 10, Liverpool 11, Mil-ton 12, Lykens 13, Williamstown 15, Tower City 16, Tremont 17.

THE COMPANY at the Coliseum Theatre, Fargo, D. T., comprises John Gerrin, stage-manager; Chas. A. Grear in imitations; John Donaldson, come-dian; James King, song-and-dance; Blanche Granger, vocalist; Daisy Donaldson, serio-comic; and P. G. Stone, leader of orchestra. To open Nov. 7: Tom Martin, Annie Rushton, Grace Thomas and Flo. Edgerton.

BUSINESS at the Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y., was large during the past week. The programme included Barton and Mowbray, the Hudworths, the Nelsons, the Russells, Kitty Gardner, Ada Adair, Millie La Fonte, Fernando Fleury, Dooley and Tenbrooke. All left 6 except the two last named. Coming 8: Frank Jones and Alice Montague, Nick Nor-ton, McVicker and Saunders, Max Arnold, Belle Fairmount, Harry Lloyd and Julia Walcott.....At the Alhambra business continues fine. Closing were Mabel Livingstone and McCarty and Reeves. Coming 8: Merty Mack, Colwell and Carnes, and Nellie Morton.

THE WESLEYS—John and Master Louis—eccen-tric song-and-dance performers, and Maude Leigh, vocalist, have just closed their third successful en-gagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Louisville, Ky. They open in Cincinnati 8, Pittsburg, Pa., to follow. They advertise their first open date as March 21

ELLA WESNER'S success in New York, Boston and Philadelphia has been exceptionally marked, and this artist has proved herself fully as great a favorite as ever. She appears in this city this week.

AT BLOESER'S WINTER-GARDEN, Scranton Pa., performers are wanted. Those performing there last week were the Leonards—Walla and Eleanor—the Grinnells — Hattie and Bennie — and John Wright.

ULLA ROBINSON begins an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., Nov. 8.

AT THE ZOO ZOO THEATRE, Memphis, Tenn., the arrivals Nov. 1 were Kasure and Lamond, May Canola, Fanny Chaplain, Little Gay, Nell Felton, Dan Smith and Nellie Morningstar. J. C. Murphy is the sole proprietor. Business is reported good.

PERFORMERS can find engagements at Ben Hayes' Vaudeville Theatre, Albany, N. Y. See card.

SENSATIONAL STARS, specialty artists, etc., can secure engagements at the Adelphi Theatre, San Francisco, Cal. See card. Ned Buckley is the proprietor, and Frank Lavarnie business and stage manager.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S show and trained ponies are offered as an attraction for variety theatres. See card.

R. FITZGERALD advertises for specialty artists for Nov. 15.

GEO. DEVERE advertises for a partner in a musical act.

LADY SPECIALITY ARTISTS and other performers can secure engagements at the Academy of Music, Erie, Pa., by addressing E. S. Hubbell, as per card.

THE ST. FELIX SISTERS have but recently closed a successful season of seven months with Tony Pastor's Traveling Company. During the tour their performances drew forth excellent notices from the press, and their skill and attractiveness were quickly recognized. They have closed en-gagements up to March, 1881. Manager Tony Pas-tor adds his testimonial, which is published in another column, to the list of complimentary no-tices.

GEO. S. GARLAND and Cherrie Chapman are with Shaffer's Swiss Bellringers, Classic Concert Com-pany and Ladies' Cornet Band, now traveling through the New England States. They can be addressed care of this office.

VAL VOSE will give his admirable ventriloquial specialty at Herrmann's entertainments at the Grand Opera-house, this city, this week.

AT THE VINE-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., wrote our correspondent Nov. 6, the new ap-pearances were Ida Bertha, Fred F. Levantine, Mealey and Mackey, and Polly Daly. Business large. Departures: Lillie Howard, Mlle. Malmburg and Rosa Blair, Ross Sisters, Maggie Mur-ray, Mealey and Mackey, and Polly Daly. Opening 8: Manchester and Jennings, Joe and Annie Bur-gess, Fields and Leslie, and Harry Clark.....The fresh appearances at the New Eldorado were Lester and Monock, Fred and Annie Barry, and Dick Mack. Business fair. Departures: Addie Farn-ham and Lester and Monock. George Macauley and Louise Garland disappointed without notice. Opening 8: Peltier and Mason, Ella Edna, Elmer E. Grandin and Josephine Shanley.....The new-comers at the Phœnix embraced Henry G. Clark, Fanny Roberts, Ella Heflin, and Walton and De-nier. Business moderate. Closing: Milligan and Quinlan, Walton and Denier, and Henry G. Clark. Opening 8: J. Keefe, Dick Mack and Addie Farn-ham.....There were new at Brand's Music Hall Charles and Jennie Reese, Sergeant George W. Labree, Josie Waide and J. T. Bush. Biz fair..... Miss Virgie Jackson has returned to the city..... Manager Snelbaker spent several days here, and left yesterday for Chicago.....Baughman and Butler and Sid C. France are in the city resting. .....Manager Beckel of New Orleans is in the city after talent. Adelaide and Fenton and the Morris Brothers were at the Coliseum this week. An olio will probably be given regularly hereafter at this house in addition to drama."

MITCHELL'S THEATRE COMIQUE, St. Louis, Mo., took a departure for the better last week, and introduced to its patrons John W. Ransone in "Across the Atlantic," in which he was ably sup-ported by Rose Lisle, Chas. Keene, Geo. W. Rec-ord and others. Mr. Ransone, Ida Farren and Fannie Reynolds were the new specialty people. Depart-ures 6: Manchester and Jennings and the Burgesses —Joe and Annie—who had been here since the sea-son's opening—Fannie Reynolds, the Murrays' Ida Farren, Rose Lisle, and Rose Lisle. Announced for 7: Paul Ashton, Charles Stuart, Marian Mordaunt, the Four Emeralds, Lou Vav-asour, McKee and Bryan, Shed Le Claire, Mr. and Mrs. Grierson, Edward Barrett and J. McVeigh. .....At the Academy of Music additions were St. Leon and Lansing, James Welch and Lillie De Lange, and Andy Leavitt. Leavitt closed 6. Capt. Decker's "Iron Hand" Combination appear 8.....The D'Arley Sisters, Gamble and Hawson and Pedanto are on Easter's.....Cummings and Hines are at the Canterbury.

SEAMON, SOMERS AND THE GIRARD BROTHERS, Louis Murio, the La Rues, Alice Gleason, Harris and Wood, and N. S. Wood, in "The Boy Detect-ive" were fresh at the Monumental Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 1. For 8 are billed Flora Moore, Chas. Diamond, the Sheridans, the Love Sisters, Frank Melrose, Harry La Rose, Marie Cool, Chew Spencer, Emma Ford, Curry and Leonzo Brothers.....Joyce Martelle, Mollie Nichols and the Weston Brothers were new at the Odeon. Kitty McDermott and the Davises closed. The O'Brien Brothers, Wm. F. Bryant and Lizzie Rich-mond open 8.....Mortimer and Flynn, the Hamilton-sons.....Sunday-night concerts are now announced at both the Zoo and the Academy.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Hartford, Ct., Nov. 1, Bernard McCreedie, Ventini and Bessie Randolph, Charles and Lizzie Reed, Lizzie Mayo, Etta May and Dan McCarty were the arrivals. All closed 6, except the Randolphs and Dan McCarty. Coming 8: Add Weaver, Nellie Parker, Dave Oaks, John Hogan and Lizzie Moore. Business good.

PRESENTATION.—James H. Holly, stage-manager, was presented with a gold-headed cane, inscribed as follows: "Presented to James H. Holly Nov. 4, 1880, by the members of the Zoo Zoo Theatre, Mem-phis, Tenn."

FRED J. ENGELHARDT, manager of Mortimer's Mysteries, now exhibiting in Chicago, is prepared to negotiate engagements for the following attrac-tions: Capt. Boggrius and his Performing Seals, Grand Operatic Concert and Lizzie Baymer, bicycle-rider. The lady can give exhibitions in fancy ri-ding or fast riding in competitive matches. Mr. Engelhardt's address is published in another col-umn.

THE ELKS.—At a communication of Philadel-phia Lodge, No. 2, B. P. O. E., held Sunday even-ing, Nov. 7, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: David B. Hilt, E. R. and R. H. P.; Wm. H. Daly, E. Ld. K. and 1st A. P.; Samuel P. Cox, E. Ly. K. and 2d A. P.; Chas. R.

THE OLD SWORD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY W. R. BARBER.

See you that ancient sword, my friend,
Hanging 'gainst yonder wall,
Mid hauberks, morions, musquetoons,
That olden wars recall?

'Twas borne at Worcester's fatal fight
By my great-grandsire's sire,
Who when he fell entrusted it
To Ralph, his faithful squire.

"A murrain on the Roundhead knaves!"
He gasped with failing breath;
"All's lost, the day is theirs, and I
Am wounded unto death!

"This sword I ne'er again may draw;
Ralph, bear it to my son;
Tell him to wield it for our cause,
As I, his sire, have done.

"The lad is but a stripling now,
And yet God grant he may,
When manhood hath knit up his frame,
Help to avenge this day!

"Tarry not, Ralph—think not of me—
But haste thee to my wife;
Her and my son in safety place—
Ride, ride, and for thy life!"

And well did Ralph fulfill his trust;
He reached the Hall that night,
His story told, the message gave,
Then counseled hasty flight.

The widowed lady and her son
Escaped in the nick of chance;
With Ralph as guide they reached the coast,
And there took ship for France.

In James the exiled Stuart's cause,
Years after, that brand,
Was wielded with a right good-will
By my great-grandsire's hand.

It flashed at Falkirk with Montrose,
At Preston Pans it waved;
'Tis said—I know not if 'tis true—
Charles Edward's life it saved.

At Fontenoy, amid the van,
The foeman saw it glance,
And felt its edge wherever charged
The chivalry of France.

Now peaceful in its sheath it hangs,
Its days of service o'er;
At bugle-call 'twill ne'er be drawn,
No foeman dreads it more.

And may the nation's days of strife,
Like that old sword's, be past;
Our country's bitter civil feud,
Our latest, be the last.

THE PARISIAN SENSATION!

THE BLONDE SIREN:

A LIFE DRAMA.

BY XAVIER DE MONTEPIN.

Translated from the original in "Le Figaro" of Paris
FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON,
Author of "Wild Bill," "The Black Band," "The Pride of the Arena," etc.
(Copyrighted.)

PART THIRD—ALICE'S LOVER.

CHAPTER XXXV—CONTINUED.

Paul, leaving Cologne upon his return to Paris, had sent a telegram to the villa in the Bois de Boulogne. He apprised Alice of his approaching arrival in order to avoid a surprise, which, in the special condition of the young girl, presented some danger. The affectionate girl consequently expected him, and when the wheels of the carriage sent by her to the Northern Railway Station resounded over the sandy avenue she ran to meet him, and found herself upon the uppermost step of the porch at the moment of his leaping from the coupe. A feeble exclamation of joy escaped Alice's lips upon sight of Paul, and she tendered him hands white as virgin wax, which excitement had thrown into a tremor.

The Count ascended the steps with a single bound, took his mistress in his arms, pressed her to his heart, lifted her with passionate precaution, and bore her into the interior of the house, devouring with kisses her eyes and hair, while stammering:

"Alice—my Alice—my beloved—my cherished child—my wife!"

"Your wife," repeated the girl with exultation. "Forever, is it not? Nothing changed?"

"No, nothing!" replied Paul, "and nothing will change. Drive away you last cares, my darling! You have shed your last tear, my poor Alice. There is no longer a cloud in the sky. The future belongs to us, and I defy Fate!"

Thus speaking, the Count seated, or rather in a large armchair, kneeled before her, clasped her hands within his own, and darted his burning glances upon her limpid eyes.

"Ah!" murmured the girl, with a smile, while tears of joy hung upon her eyelashes, "here again, then; and it is you, Paul—my adored Paul!"

"Home am I again."

"Never to leave me more?"

"Not for a day—for an hour."

"Can it be true? Imagine. Still, what good to speak of these things—follies."

"Speak, Alice, all the same. I wish to know all your thoughts, even foolish ones."

"Well, I thought these weary days, days of your absence, would never finish! I thought I would never see you more—and then, how I wept!—did you know?"

"Beloved child, you doubted me!"

"Oh, no, not you! but happiness. It appears too great. Only think—to be your wife—to bear your name—to pass my entire life—a long one, for I am young—in this house, hidden from cares with you, Paul, and only beloved! That was too beautiful! It was a pleasure more than human! I said to myself: 'This is not possible!' I was afraid, and I wept."

"And now?"

"Now you are returned—you love me as before. What have I to fear?"

"Nothing, Alice! Neither for the present nor the future! No one in this world, to-day or hereafter, can come between us."

"Hence, in Germany, what you wished to do?"

"I have done. The expectation leading me so far away has been realized completely."

"It concerned an obstacle, did it not? Somebody or something, ah! I understand, opposed our union."

"That is true."

"That obstacle has disappeared?"

"Heaven has destroyed it."

"Not to reappear?"

"No power, human or divine, can resuscitate it," responded Paul, pressing with his hand upon the left side of his breast the portfolio containing the certificate of the death of Blanche Lizely, Countess of Nancey. "Be happy, then, my dear child, happy and calm! Such is my will and my duty. After that which I have told you, to doubt happiness is to doubt me."

There was a momentary silence, and then Alice spoke:

"Happy and reassured—yes, I am. Still, how much more will I be when we emerge from the church where our bonds have received a priest's blessing."

"Soon," replied Paul, "we shall kneel before him."

"When? You smile, Paul! I appear too impatient? Well! it is true, I am in haste! Are you less in a hurry than I?"

"More in haste, perhaps!"

"Then lose not a minute. What are you to do? Tell me. I desire to know."

"Still, to proceed, in the first place with the requisite publications."

"To-morrow?"

"No; it is impossible to-morrow."

"Why?"

"There are lacking indispensable documents."

"What ones?"

"Principally the certificate of your birth, Alice, and those of your parents' decease."

"You can procure them this very day—at Paris I was born, and there my parents died."

"You are right. Those are as nothing. But we want, furthermore, the consent in writing of the worthy man replacing your father, Monsieur Lafene, your guardian, and that will take time."

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl, "he must be written to once—I second should not be first."

"Certainly!" responded Paul, smiling anew at this undisguised impatience. "I will write likewise, my beloved. Still, great and legitimate as may be our hurry, the post-office will not change its rules to oblige us. Hence, provided our letters are ready by the right mail, all will go well."

"More and more delays," murmured Alice sadly.

"No delay—at least on our part, dear one. To-day is Tuesday. Should your guardian's consent arrive to-morrow, it would be useless before next Saturday."

"For what reason?"

"For this: The law exacts publication of marriage to be made twice on Sundays a week apart, and adds that the marriage cannot be celebrated until the third day thereafter, exclusive of that of final publication. In all, you see, eleven days."

"That is the law, then?"

"Civil Code, Chapter III, Article 65."

"Eleven days!" stammered the girl; "and four still before Sunday, without reckoning to-day, which has but just commenced. How long! almost eternity! Paul, dearest Paul, tell me whether I be crazy! Repeat that nothing in the world can separate us! See, I tremble anew!"

Monsieur De Nancey took Alice within his arms.

"My adored wife," he whispered in her ear, "I swear upon the life of the child as yet unborn that all I have told you a while since and now repeat is absolutely true. There is no longer a cloud in the sky. The Future belongs to us, and I defy Fate!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

"And now," continued Paul, pressing alternatively Alice's little hands to his lips, "my dear child, tell me quickly, have you bade begone to care?"

The girl affirmed that she felt wholly reassured, and that upon her mind, as upon the bright sky alluded to by Paul, there lingered not a cloud.

This was not entirely true. In place of the intense joy in which she should revel at the approach of the hour when all her dreams were to be realized, something dark and indefinite weighed upon her soul.

This vexatious impression, without appreciable cause, diminished, nevertheless, gradually, and terminated in a total disappearance when the girl, in the afternoon, took a sheet of plain paper, devoid of coronet, to write to Monsieur and Madame Lafene, while Paul did the same on his own behalf.

Alice's lover desired to inclose his own epistle with that of his beloved, so that the good news could arrive in this double shape to those excellent people he had so mortally insulted and cruelly injured.

It appears sufficient to quote some passages from both of these epistles. Wrote the girl:

When for the last time I sent my soul to you, where I longed so much to follow it—when you learned through me that your Alice was still living and loved you more than ever—I said: "My happiness is that of guilt, and still I am happy!" To-day, dear relatives, who, despite everything, continue to love me, I send you the consolation which you, perchance, have ceased to expect. I say: "Dry your tears, and when you pronounce your Alice's name lower not your voice, and avoid not looking each other in the face. In some few days the past will be as a dream, my happiness will be pure, and you can participate in it." You understand, do you not? I am going to be his wife!

With what joy and pride I write these words—*Me voici!* And you will love him then, he who divides my heart with you. He will be your son. You have lost one child, you will recover two!

Did you know how good he is—his proud and generous soul, his boundless tenderness, his respect for me! It would be to doubt that he has heretofore committed the crime of taking me from you. Forgive him—this crime has long since been forgiven by me—he loves me so deeply! Reasons, of which I am in ignorance and may remain ignorant forever, has not permitted him to be my husband. He has not had courage to separate from me—he has taken me. I am his wealth. Still, of what use to speak of these matters, since, within a few days, the fault will be expiated?

De Nancey wrote:

You who, during a long career, have never committed a dubious act, have assuredly the right to be without mercy for a wretch doing you so much harm; still, you will forgive him upon learning that he is about to repair his fault—his crime, rather, as, thanks to Heaven, he can. That which I have done was the work of a coward and rascal. Ah! I know it well, I have always known it, and I seek not to excuse it, for I can find none other than force of love rendering me insane. That my gentle Alice, my beloved Alice, could have been my wife, I would have given three-quarters of my existence, and I swear that, could such a bargain have been consummated, I would have blessed him proposing it. Alas! between Alice and me an obstacle intervened! You know what—it was insurmountable. To-day that obstacle has disappeared. I am free. Ah! doubt it not! Here is the certificate of death of the wretch taking my name to trail it in the mire. I ask your consent for my marriage with Alice, and I pray you not to delay an hour or lose a minute. I depend upon you to prove to me that your pardon is complete, unrestricted and without bitterness; for that it behooves you to be with us upon the approaching day when the representative of the law and the minister of God will transform your dear Alice into the Countess of Nancey. You will be there, will you not?

When Paul had finished and had slipped into the envelope the sheet of stamped paper, covered with signatures and German annotations, and the letter he had written, he raised his eyes. The girl was no longer writing, and, her cheek resting upon her hand, appeared to be dreaming.

"You have finished, my child?" inquired the Count.

"Some moments since," Alice replied.

"Will you read me your letter?"

"Ah! with all my heart, but——"

She hesitated and smiled.

"But?" repeated Paul, likewise smiling—"there is, then, a *but*?"

"There is one—yes."

"What one?"

"When I speak of you in my letter—I talk too much."

"Well, I forgive in advance all the evil you have said."

"Listen, then; but while I read do not look at me—is it a bargain?"

Paul made an affirmative gesture.

When she had finished her reading, the Count, whose eyes had been repeatedly moistened while he listened, arose, approached her, and, chastely touching his lips to her silken hair, said:

"My dearest child, you are indeed an angel! too perfect for this world! I really fear to see you some day open your wings and fly away."

"My wings?" replied the girl. "If I had any, you cut them in capturing my heart." After a silence, she added: "You bade me read, dear Paul, and I obey all your commands and desires. But you, likewise, have written. Shall I not know your letter?"

De Nancey shook his head.

"If I beg you hard?" continued the girl.

"Do not ask me, Alice, I pray of you."

"Why?"

"Because it will give me pain to resist your prayer."

"There is, then, a secret in the letter?"

"Yes."

"A secret you entrust to my relations and conceal from me?"

"True."

"That secret concerns me?"

"I avow it."

"And I shall never know it?"

"You shall know it, Alice, some day."

"When?"

"The day after our marriage."

Paul took the girl's letter and kissed the sheet before slipping it into the envelope, where were already his letter and the certificate of Blanche's death. He wrote with a firm hand Mons. Lafene's address, sealed the envelope with his arms, and said:

"I will put this in the post myself. I am going upon horseback as far as the Avenue de l'Imperatrice."

"You will be absent long?"

"Oh, be at your ease. Scarce will I be gone before I will wish myself upon my return."

It was in the afternoon of the following day. During this magnificent Autumnal weather the windows of the parlor, opening upon the little park, remained unclosed until evening. Paul had taken the girl in his arms for a parting embrace. Alice suddenly started, and Paul himself made a movement of surprise. A ring was heard at the bell on the gateway opening into the Bois de Boulogne—a strange, violent, impetuous, like that of an impatient master kept waiting.

"Who can ring in that fashion?" inquired Alice. "It seems to me that this unexpected noise sounds dolefully upon my ears and my heart. It is singular—a chill runs over me."

"Because at this moment you are nervous, darling."

"What! are you not yourself astonished?"

"It is evidently strange—particularly here, where no living being calls. Perhaps it was rung by mistake. The visitor, whoever it may be, is most probably not wanting us."

Paul deceived himself. A murmur of voices was heard in the garden. He approached the window and looked out, but he saw nothing. Large trees masked the circuit of the road on the first story. No further noise was heard. The newcomers had doubtless entered the villa.

Two minutes elapsed. Paul placed upon the table the letter intended for Germany, and, without knowing the cause, no longer thought of going out.

An absolute silence reigned within the house and on the outside. Alice, uneasy, however, listened. The parlor-door opened and the valet-de-chambre entered.

"There are," he said, "two persons, one of whom demands to speak to monsieur."

"Two persons?" repeated Paul.

"Yes, monsieur—a gentleman and a lady."

Alice again started, as she had when the bell rang.

"Who are these people?" resumed De Nancey. "Do you know them?"

"I have never seen them before."

"What is their appearance?"

"The gentleman resembles a notary—he has not said a word. The lady is tall, of fine form, and dressed in black and veiled. It is she who solicits particularly an audience with monsieur."

Alice turned slightly pale. Why? The timid girl knew not.

"You know, I receive no visitors," quoth Paul. "You should have given that answer. It is easy because it is true."

"I did not fail to do so; but the lady insists. She affirms that it is absolutely necessary for her to speak with monsieur the Count upon a matter of business which admits of no delay."

"This lady's name."

"I have asked her. She will not give it."

"Repeat then, that I receive no visits, and add that I most assuredly do not make exceptions in favor of persons declining to make themselves known."

The valet-de-chambre went out.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE THUNDERCLAP.

"My child, what ails you?" inquired Paul, perceiving Alice's trouble and her face almost livid.

"I am afraid," murmured the girl.

"Afraid?" replied the Count, "and of what? Who has affrighted you?"

"That woman."

"Some beggar, I presume, wishing not to be put off and taking refusal in bad humor. There is nothing disquieting in that."

The valet-de-chambre reappeared.

"Well," quoth Paul, "have they gone?"

"No, monsieur. The person below there, the veiled lady, insists more than ever. She wished absolutely to follow me. She exacts that the Count shall see her, and pretends to be known to him."

"She *exacts!*" repeated Paul, enraged. "Such impudence surpasses bounds! I am here in my own house. I am master of it. I close my door against whom I think proper. For the last time, answer that I receive no visits, and do not wish to receive them! Go, and let it be finished!"

The valet, in evident embarrassment, prepared to leave the parlor. He had no time. A woman, clad in black and veiled, appeared at the door and halted. Behind her could be perceived the important outline and gold glasses of Maitre Roch, who disguised himself to his utmost. Paul, whose anger augmented, confronted by this insolent intrusion, advanced towards the newcomer. She stopped him with an imperious gesture, and, raising her veil, said:

"Since how long, then, should a wife be announced to be received by her husband? Since how long, then, does the Count of Nancey close his house against the Countess of Nancey?"

Paul, metamorphosed into a statue by amazement and fright, fixed his terrified eyes upon this vision of the other world, this Blanche Lizely, certificate of whose death he had perused but a moment before, and whom he suddenly saw before him. He wished to speak, but he could not. His icy lips moved without articulating a sound. Alice, trembling in all her limbs, clung to the back of an armchair, near at hand, so as not to fall, asking of herself, half distracted, if this fearful dream was to be long protracted. Blanche seemed to enjoy a cruel pleasure in the prodigious effect produced by her presence. She smiled.

"In truth, Count," she resumed, "I could imagine myself insulted by this strange reception. What! not a word of welcome! Don't you recognize me?"

"Living!" stammered Paul.

Low as was this word pronounced, Blanche heard or imagined it.

"You supposed me dead," she asked in irony, "or did not calculate upon seeing me again?"

Paul tore open the envelope addressed to Monsieur Lafene, and, with trembling hand, took out the sheet brought from Cologne and covered with German stamps, which he handed to Blanche:

"Read!" he said.

The wife cast a glance over the document presented by her husband.

"Certificate of my death!" retorted she, with a fresh smile, without manifesting the slightest astonishment. "Ah! I understand. You had hoped. It is a gross deception, is it not? The good folks getting that up cajoled you. The certificate is false, I can attest it to be a lie. You have indisputable proof before your eyes that I am alive, since here I am."

While Blanche thus spoke calmly and in a mocking tone, Paul, recovering by degrees from the unforeseen and terrible shock, resumed, if not his calmness, at least his presence of mind. He confronted in every aspect his crushing situation. Wrath, momentarily paralyzed by amazement, augmented within his breast.

"Ah! You are here!" he uttered, crossing his arms upon his breast. "Yes, it is true; you are here! I am aware that you are capable of any audacity, but I would have doubted this last one! I knew you to be dangerous; still, you exceed my estimation! You have come, but do you know where you are?"

Blanche Lizely shrugged her shoulders.

"Do I know?" she replied. "Ah! certainly, yes! I am in your house!"

"And what do you intend in my house?"

"Pardieu! I intend resuming my place!"

"Your place!" exclaimed the Count, raising his shriveled hands. "In my house this woman dares speak of her place!"

"I dare!"

"But, wretch, this place, you know, you have abandoned!"

"Certainly, I know it; otherwise I would not have said 'I resume it;' but 'I remain here!'"

"You have, then, forgotten everything?"

"I have forgotten nothing."

"And you come to brave me, face to face—me, cowardly betrayed by you—me, whose death you commanded from one of your lovers, calling—Will him!"

"He obeyed badly, since you are not dead!"

"I know you no more! Between us henceforth what is there in common?"

"Everything! I am your wife!"

"My wife!—you? I deny it! You are a stranger—an enemy! Hence from here!"

"I remain here—I am your wife!"

"Adultery and murder separate us!"

"They unite us, on the contrary, for the second time, and more firmly than ever! It was time when I had done as you say for you to have taken action against me! It was when I quitted your house to follow my lover—when, joyful, I saw you fall beneath his sword—that you should have asked from the law a separation easily obtained! Ah! you would have been free to-day! You forgot it then, and it is too late now!"

"Too late to expel you, never!" said Paul in a rough and hissing voice.

"Expel me!" replied Blanche, with a sinister chuckle. "Come, now! Expel me! You are crazy! My rights always exist—they are indisputable! Here there is no longer an adulterous wife; one only remains, guilty, and that is you, who, braving all shame, and trampling beneath your feet the law, maintain a concubine in our conjugal domicile!"

Blanche pointed her hand towards Alice with an indescribable expression of hatred and menace, and resumed:

"Well, I, your legitimate wife—I, the Countess of Nancey—I, mistress here—expel that concubine!"

A deep groan escaped the lips of the unhappy girl, who fell upon her knees, hiding her face in her hands. Mad with despair, wild with rage, Paul bounded towards Blanche Lizely. He had the face and look of a man about to deal a blow.

"Have a care!" said the Countess. "Touch me not. Your violence will have a witness."

And she indicated Maitre Roch, who had advanced some steps, holding himself in readiness to intervene in the conflict, if need be.

"Who thinks of touching you? Believe you I have descended so low as that?" responded Paul, with scathing contempt; "but outrage not this young girl! Oh! that I forbid you! Since when dare harlots insult angels?"

"An angel slightly fallen, it strikes me," rejoined Blanche, with a chuckle; "but let that pass. As to the title of harlot, I accept it without a blush—particularly before you, Count—before you, who have made me that which today you reproach me with being! Harlot! say you? Well, yes, and what then? I have given, or sold, my love. Of what matters it?—that is not much the better, for it is your name that I bespatter with my shame, your honor that I tarnish! Less than you do however! Blood stains worse than mire, and you have blood upon your hands! Harlot be it! You are an assassin, you! The harlot stands the best!"

"Assassin!" repeated the Count in horror. "You lie! Hold your peace!"

"It is for you to hold your peace, assassin of Marguerite! assassin of Rene!"

"You well know that is not truth! You well know that I did justice in striking down both!"

"I know that both were innocent!"

"A lie—a lie again! It was you, denouncing them to me!—you who, putting a revolver in my hand, whispered in my ear: 'Go and avenge thyself!'"

The Countess shrugged her shoulders.

"That man has said that I lie!" she resumed. "Yes, by Heavens, I have lied, but it is not today! it was then. You had imposed upon me my self-contempt; I swore to impose upon you the contempt of the world! You had made of me the puppet of a passing whim; of Marguerite you made a wife! I had sworn that your wife should make you a husband to be laughed at, a subject for buffoonery. I tried everything to accomplish my vow—yes, everything in the world. I would have thrown Marguerite into Rene's arms! Marguerite, deceived by you, humiliated by you, trampled under foot by you, was not weak, was it not? Still, it surpassed my skill—that angel was too pure! She vanquished me without a struggle. She did not even comprehend. Ah! Marguerite was truly yours, wholly yours, none but yours in body and soul! She adored you! That heart you pierced with bullets never beat save for you! I am sure that, with her dying gasp, she murmured: 'I love him still.'"

Paul, livid, his brow knitted, his eyes glaring with an ominous fire, drank in these words.

"And this you knew?" he said in a deep voice.

"Assuredly, I knew it! And I hated you the more, perceiving that poor creature's love, by you disdained! That sight drove me wild. How to strike you? how to reach you? Finally I discovered. I could not render you ridiculous, but I could make you infamous. I was forced to lie, to calumniate, to create false appearances, to push your weak soul to crime, to convert you into a docile machine, a blind instrument. I accomplished my undertaking! You assassinated innocent Marguerite! I have taken your victim's place, and that place so dearly purchased none shall usurp while I am alive!"

"Ah! wretch!" stammered Paul in a broken voice, as he stared with haggard eyes, as those of a lunatic. "You alive! Yes, it is possible. But then you are dead—you well know you are!"

He would have bounded upon and slain her. Blanche, emotionless, recoiled not. Maitre Roch, with a zeal modified by prudence, thought about interposing between the Count and his client. He thought a great deal, but never moved. An appalling shriek, a cry of agony, resounded behind Paul, who turned around abruptly. Alice lay inanimate upon the carpet, and feeble shiverings, like unto those preceding death, agitated her delicate body. The Count darted towards her, raised her up, took her in his arms, and contemplated for a moment her blanched lips and closed eyes.

His face became strange. A frightful, wandering expression was suddenly depicted upon his countenance, and then he burst into tears.

"I slew Marguerite," muttered Paul, "and here is Alice dying."

He added, turning to Blanche:

"Is this enough? Are you satisfied?"

"I want my place!" said the Countess.

Paul, still holding in his arms the fainting girl, walked to the chimneypiece, and with a trembling hand convulsively pulled the bell-rope.

The servants, aware from the valet-de-chambre that something extraordinary was occurring, were on the alert, and immediately made their appearance.

"Drive out that woman!" shouted Paul, indicating Blanche Lizely. "Drive her hence, or I will kill her!"

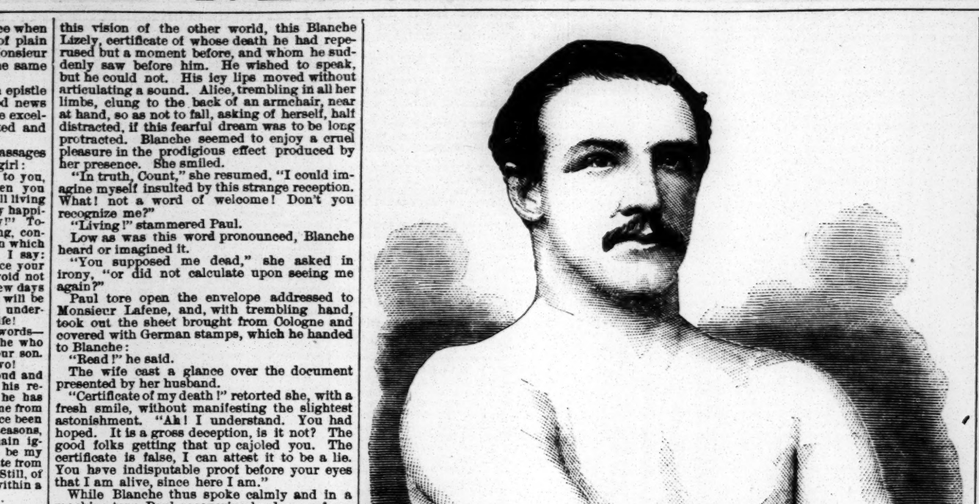
"I go!" replied the Countess. "Still, do not triumph too soon! I will return to-morrow! And to-morrow none will drive me hence."

Then, with a haughty mien and sparkling eyes, Blanche quitted the parlor, followed by Maitre Roch, bowing low and in a slight tremor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OF COURSE SHE COULD.—Child (scarcely three years old) looking wistfully at a diminutive pie. Mother—"Now, Meta, I want you to save your nice pie so your papa can see it when he comes home." Child, looking still more wistfully—"I sink I could tell papa exactly how it looks."

A YOUNG MADAGASCAN brought into France inquired if all Frenchmen are doctors. Asked why he thought so, he replied that they all took his hand and asked after his health.



EDWIN BIBBY, Wrestler.

The accomplished exponent of the science of wrestling whose portrait we present above is an Englishman, and was born in the Old Gardens, Ryecroft, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, Nov. 15, 1848. He is only 5 feet 4¼ inches in height, but is compactly built, with a splendid neck, shoulders, chest and loins, and in condition turns the scale at 150lb. His parents are English also, and he is the eleventh of a family of fourteen children. From the early age of eight years he has worked for his living, being employed until his seventeenth year at the Buckley Factory, Ryecroft, and Neild's Factory, Ashton, after which he went to the terms of which were as follows: Bibby would wrestle John McMahon, two in three, or three in five falls, Lancashire style, for $1,000 a side; would wrestle Thiebaud Bauer one fall Lancashire, one fall Græco-Roman, and one catch-as-catch-can for the waist, with use of legs for tripping, for $1,000 a side; or he would wrestle Christol the same match again, for $2,000. No one of those mentioned accepted these terms, nor did anyone else manifest any inclination to meet the sturdy, courageous little Briton. On Nov. 28, however, he and Christol were matched for $300 and three parts of "gate," to wrestle in pure Græco-Roman fashion, two falls in three. They came together at Music Hall, Union-square, Garden Dec. 4, and Bibby proved the winner, taking two falls in succession, the last occupying but a few seconds over the minute, and the match being at an end inside of an hour from first taking hold. In January following he had a fine set-to between the same men was wrestled at Music Hall, Boston, Mass. They first met there Jan. 24, wrestled an hour without a fall, then had a recess; Bibby gained the first fall in 20min. after again taking hold and after another hour had been wasted in pulling and hauling a postponement of the finish was ordered. They met again Jan. 31, when Bibby took the first fall in four minutes and the second in about two minutes more, Bibby wrestled an exhibition with his friend Sam Berry of Manayunk, Pa., at O'Connor Bros.' billiard-rooms, this city, he securing two falls in succession quite easily. His next appearance was in a match with Albert Ellis, announced as for $1,000, one fall Devonshire style, one Lancashire, and one catch-as-catch-can with jackets, tripping allowed, but no leg-holds; best two in three falls. They met at Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre this city, April 7 last, and, after a severe struggle of four minutes and a half, Ellis found himself on his back, the loser of the first fall. Ellis then declined to continue unless the next fall should be wrestled for with jackets on, to which Bibby agreed to accede, for the reason that it was not required by the rules. Ellis being stubborn, evidently because he saw he had no chance to win against a man who outmatched him, the stakes were awarded to Bibby. The latter next appeared at Irving Hall, this city, May 6, in an alleged match for $250 a side with Maximilian Mainou, of whom the Englishman made a sorry show, taking the first fall in 2min. and the second in just 45sec. It was a most ridiculous affair, and convinced all that nobody had been foolish enough to put a dollar in stake-money on this alleged foreigner. Aug. 9 Bibby gave an exhibition with Wm. Muldoon as an opponent at the Young Emmet Society's picnic, Troy, N. Y., each winning a fall—Muldoon in Græco-Roman and Bibby in Lancashire style. In the meantime Bibby had, on July 7, been matched to wrestle the most accomplished French wrestler who has appeared in this country, the stake being $500 a side, with the championship of America included, best two in three falls, Græco-Roman. The match was decided at Gilmore's Theatre, this city, Sept. 24, and resulted in the success of Bauer, who won the first fall in 42min. and the third in 37m., Bibby securing the second in 14min. Bibby is a fine wrestler, and compares to very favorably with Robinson, who gained twenty pounds. He is a married man, having joined the brotherhood of benedicts at the early age of eighteen, since which all his matches of importance have been contested. In manners Bibby is exceptionally modest and unassuming, and he is well liked by those who know him.

THE LOVE THAT WAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Love must die, or good or bad,
But, oh, let it make us glad
That we have, or that we had!

Flying high, or flying low,
Love is Fancy, don't you know?
A fancy only born to go.

Now 'tis over. Hide with leaves
Love in dark November eves,
While his shroud pale Winter weaves.

May no darksome thread of sin
Ever there be seen within
Brightly clothe the Love that's been.

He was Eros, lord of dream—
Cupid shooting starry beam—
Wine of hearts he made them seem!

Alas! his going hurt us sad,
But still the thought we shall make us glad—
That once, at least, true Love we had. M. C.

TWO LIVES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY KATHARINE SULLIVAN.

II.

Mlle. Perdrix was silent a moment, and then she said to me:

"Come, my dear sir, you who are so keen, so wise, so spiritual, so sagacious, you who divine everything, have you guessed what kind of a man this handsome Edwards was?"

"I know only too well," I answered.

"Then let me go on with my story. Do you know, doctor, you who pretend to know everything, what is the best way to console oneself in any trouble? It is to have another, and that is precisely what happened to me. The old witch whom I turned out of doors vowed that she would be revenged on me, and she played me a trick in her own fashion. Before she left the house she gave Jacquot some parsley. Jacquot died from the effects of it, and I nearly died of despair.

"However, as I was born a rational being, I reflected that it is with parrots as it is with kings; Jacquot is dead, long live Jacquot! The day, as I was passing along the quay of the Louvre, I went into a bird-fancier's, where I found what I wanted. The dealer was an Arab; we could hardly understand each other. While we were bargaining the sky grew dark, and a big black cloud broke over our heads. When I came out of the shop, my parrot under my arm, it was raining in torrents, and not a carriage to be seen. You can fancy what a plight I was in. But as if by a miracle, a close carriage which was passing stopped, a man jumped out and came up to me. It was he. I assure you I would not have known him: he had such a submissive, humble, respectful, contrite, penitent manner. In spite of the pouring rain, he relieved there bareheaded, bending low, and hardly daring to look at me."

"Be so good as to accept my carriage," said he; "you can tell the coachman where to drive you."

"It seemed to me that there was a Providence in this affair, and I replied, smiling: 'This time I will say yes.'

"I stepped into the carriage, he closed the door, bowed again, and stepped back. I felt some scruples of conscience; I did not want the man to get wet, so I said to him softly: 'Great simpleton, there is room for two.' I had hardly finished my sentence, before he was seated at my side, and we started off. We rolled along for fully five minutes before he said a word to me. Leaning up in the corner, he looked sidewise at me, twisting his moustache in his fingers. He was afraid of offending me, and looked like a dog that has been whipped and remembers it. In order to regain my self-possession, I began to caress my parrot. As if struck by a new idea, *le bel* Edwards cried: 'If it was not the Devil, it must have been this bird which put me to flight the other evening.' 'It was not this one; this is another one, that one died of it,' I answered him.

"The ice was broken; the conversation began.

"'Were you offended with me all this time?' he asked me.

"'Very much,' replied I, 'and you must acknowledge there was reason enough. With whom did you think you were dealing? Do you take me for a fool, whom you can impose upon as much as you please, and who imagines that by falling in love she will save the lives of two men?'

"He drew himself up as if greatly surprised, grew very pale, muttered something, I know not what, and began several sentences without finishing them. At last he succeeded in saying: 'Excuse me, my dear sir, you no common sense. It is not my fault—the fairy who changes princes into turnips has turned me into a fool.' And he added, taking my hand, but without pressing it, and just ready to let it go: 'I am a poor invalid; you are my physician. Can a doctor of letters refuse to undertake to cure his patients?' He had started—he was fairly launched. He ran on for fully ten minutes all in one breath, passing his left hand over his forehead or pressing it upon his heart, mixing English with French, from comic to tragic, from poetry to prose. There was meat and drink in it. I understood only about a quarter of it, and I cannot repeat to you his song, but the music was lovely.'"

"'And pray what did he say?' I asked Mlle. Perdrix.

"'Ah! *ma foi*,' said she, 'they had forgotten to teach him how to talk. We arrive at my door, I get out, *le bel* Edwards takes off his hat, and says to me: 'Will you permit me to come to-morrow to inquire after your parrot?' I reply by a gesture which signifies: 'Try.' I say nothing. He came the next day. I was not there.'"

"But the next day you were, and there was one more happy man in the world."

This unfortunate speech caused the most violent indignation on the part of Mlle. Perdrix. She rose suddenly, pushed her chair over with her foot, and I thought I should never hear the end of the story.

"I am going away," said she, "and you will never see me again. The real truth is, doctor, that you are altogether too impertinent. The day after? See what it is to be a physician, and have a profession which obliges you to see sad people. You no longer believe in virtuous women. There is no more principle in the world, no more honest girls. Perhaps you confound me with this or that one whom I could name. Do you not know that I was brought up in a convent? Who addresses you? That I received there the most careful, the most elaborate education; that I learned grammar there, and astronomy, and everything which the most fashionable young ladies learn? The day after! For whom do you take me? I know, then, for your instruction, that I kept that poor man pining for eight whole days."

"Eight whole days!" I cried. "That ends it; I believe in virtue."

At length I calmed her with many pleasant little speeches, and to restore her completely I gave her a bottle of English salts. The salts pleased her, and she found the bottle to her taste. Indeed, it was a present for me, and, thanking me with a glance, she slipped it into her pocket.

Then she consented to smile, and when I had picked up her chair, and made her sit down, she continued:

"For a month he was charming, and I fancy that this was the happiest time in my whole life. He was sweet, very sweet, obedient, full of little attentions, and anticipated all my little caprices. I had only to say the word and he would have waited on all fours. He loved me foolishly, and that is the best way. It is only fools who know how to love. If it had not been for me he would have thrown his money out of the window, and would soon have seen the bottom of his purse—I suspect that it was not very heavy. Happily for him, the home at giri with whom he had to do did not boast, like the 'grande Mathilde,' of being able to ruin a man; and she has always preferred little pleasures to great ones—and one can have many little pleasures as they want with three thousand francs a month, without counting dresses, if well laid out. In short, he was contented, delighted with his conquest, and he pleased me more every day. It is as agreeable for a woman to govern imperiously a man of whom she has been afraid as to own a big dog that barks at every passer-by, and which she can beat as much as she pleases without his daring to show even the tips of his teeth. I had only one trouble. *Le bel* Edwards was always to me the unknown. It was impossible to find out who he was. When I questioned him he sometimes maintained an obstinate silence, sometimes he told me fanciful stories. One day he gave me his most sacred word of honor that he was a prince, persecuted by his family; that he was resolved to live in concealment until the death of his father; that he would then vindicate his rights and redeem his crown, which for the moment was in pawn with the Jews. He thought I was more of a simpleton than I am. I was taught from my tenderest infancy——"

"At the convent?" said I.

"Yes, at the convent. I was taught that all princes are either Russians or Italians, and that the Jews will not lend them two sous on their crowns. Another thing which I did not know then, but which I have learned since, is that real princes—those who are entitled to reign—gesticulate but little, and that in all worldly affairs they act honorably. Now, in his good-humored days, *le bel* Edwards took great delight in reciting to me long passages of English poetry, accompanying them with a great many gestures. *C'est egal?*—gestures have their charm, and his pleased me."

"I have it at last!" cried I; "*le bel* Edwards was a theatrical prince on a vacation, who made use of you to keep himself in practice."

She did not deign to answer me.

"I repeat," she continued, "that for a month he was charming. Yet my mother did not like him. She said to me: 'This man does not please me.' 'Why does he not please you?' said I to her. 'I do not know why,' she replied, 'but he does not please me. There is something in his eye that does not suit me. You will find out that he is an evil spirit—that he will do you some ill turn; you will do well to get rid of him.'

"We quarreled about him; you know, we do quarrel sometimes. I love her very much; she loves me very much, but she has such a strange disposition. Everything must come up to her idea—to her way. So we do not live together. O doctor! I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have often offered to give her a home—I have plenty of room; but she insists that she likes better to live alone, which does not hinder her from intruding into my house, and finding fault with this and with that.'

"So, for a month, he was charming?" I interrupted, with a little impatience.

Mlle. Perdrix looked at me reproachfully, and pointed to the clock.

"It is only a quarter of one. Have you any engagement to-night?"

"And you, my dear?" I asked.

"Do not be troubled about me; *he* is not in Paris. But, really, you make a mistake in not listening to me. You cannot imagine the surprise which I have in store for you."

"Go for the surprise," said I to her, "but do try to come to it. However agreeable the company is, I do not like to stop on the way."

"Patience," she replied; "we are approaching it. One evening, when he came for me to the theatre, he told me that it was early Spring, that the air was balmy, that the moon was shining, and that it would be delightful to pass the night in roaming through the forest. His idea seemed to me a good one, and we set out. Sometimes in a carriage, sometimes on foot, we wandered about until morning. I had not the slightest idea where we went or where we were. I only remember that there were places which smelled of violets; I remember, too, that there were moments when I was afraid. I seemed to see in the moonlight great shadows which stared at me. Edwards laughed heartily at my fears; he explained to me that birch-trees are birch-trees; and truly, he was right. At daybreak I fell asleep; when I awoke I knew where we were; we were at Villebon, and we played at quoits while we waited for breakfast. The table was laid in a pavilion, where I have never cared to go since; I have a spite against the place, however pretty it may have been. It took five minutes to dress my hair, for it was very much disarranged.

"When I rejoined Edwards he was just unfolding a large English newspaper, which he had carried in his pocket. He glanced over it, turned pale, and cried, clenching his hands:

"'O the wretches! I see very well who they are.'

"'What have they done?' I asked.

"He replied by a shrug of his shoulders; began to read again, and again shook his fists.

"'Come,' said I, 'this is tiresome, and we are here to amuse ourselves. What is the matter? What is it to you? Let those people go. I do not know them. They are frightful villains; that is the whole of it. What difference does that make to you?'

"I snatched the paper out of his hands, and, rolling it up into a ball, I threw it as far as I could into the grass. He was on the point of getting angry, and showed his teeth; but he changed his mind and his expression, and said to me:

"'Upon my word, you are right. Let them do as they please. What difference does it make to me?'

"'None at all,' said I.

"'Absolutely none. I adore you. I am as hungry as a wolf, and we are going to breakfast.' He leaned towards me, and, staring at me across the table, said:

that he was all alone. To whom
king, then? He was pale—lividly
ration had matted his hair on his
d his eyes about in the most fright-
d like a ghost. I watched him. I
could not understand a word he
he repeated at intervals 'I don't
earned English enough to know
'Non, j'e ne veux pas,'
ce was so shocking that my first
shut the door and fasten it. How-
ded to be so cowardly; so I sum-
y courage, and, advancing a step,

r Heaven's sake, with whom are

th a loud voice:
? Ah! *parbleu*, with *her?*'
aid I; 'who is it, then?' He looked
eing me, but at last he recognized
ed out his hand, and in a hollow

see *her?*'
ass of water, and sprinkled it in his
to a chair and began to laugh.
e he cried; 'I do not see her any

him, and, stroking my hair: 'I as-
e, 'I began to think I had lost my

d I; 'a long time ago. But tell me
woman.'
Is it a woman of the world?'
bond,' he replied. 'She came into
ay and frightened me; I turned her
er away. She came back and said
ou fast; you are mine; I will never
started off, I hurried away, I put a
of salt water between us. She fol-
as caught me. Just now she was
appeared, she has vanished, and I

he look like, this woman without a
again.
oles you, *ma petite*, as much as a
resemble a child of heaven. She
formed, as you are beautiful; and
rowns are less terrible than her
sses murder sleep, and will whiten
three nights. It is a wonder that
te. But let us talk no more about
of you, do not speak of her again!
I will see her no more.'
my two arms, he wound them
, saying:
Perdrix guards is well guarded. I
er, my dear one, and I will live, I
rison. Let us drink some punch.'"
TO BE CONTINUED.

NTO THIN AIR.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
AMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

ght was blest at morn;
ner her down beside the sea;
milled on her, she blushed at me—
ng life, and unworn.

l her. She contest
at, with her first love, she lov'd me;
nd while the ships sailed o'er that sea
at us down to rest.

ea was all serene;
e friendly shore was restful, too;
e over-hanging hues was blue,
possess'd the scene.

rm rose on that sea!
to my arms she swon'd away
e time was neither night nor day!)
ars as fair as gold.

, her form to bear
ome to my flowering valley cot,
hen lo! I had and had her not—
mited into air!

melted into thin air,
ike incense from the censer swung;
vanish'd she the clouds among—
re is my darling, where?

ere! exempt from care,
ound that star. The gates slar
ceived her in, where spirits are,
ouls are passing fair.

rs may have their dead
while, and then a gift of grave;
at ne'er a souvenir *I* have
lost darling's stead;

s, in sooth it be
e rustic row and then) of wings—
he hall-completed happenings
only mediums see.

FEIN'S PLAYING-PLAYING:

VIN'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

y you heard Rubenstein play when
w York."
ool.'
about it."
I might's well tell you about the
world.'
no mock modesty. Go ahead."
had the blamedest, biggest, catty-
nner you ever laid eyes on—some-
ected! Hill-side table on three legs.
sted, and mighty well it was. If it
'd a-tore the intire insides clean
d 'em to the four winds of heaven."
did he?'
id; but don't interrup' me. When
n he 'peared to keer mighty little
and wisht he hadn't come. He
l a little on the treble, and twoodle-
me on the base—jest foolin' and
's jawbreaking. At 9 o'clock he
in settin' next to me, s' I: 'What
vin' is that?' And he says: 'Heish!'
his hands commenced chasin' one
down the key like a passel o' rats
ough a garret very swift. Parts of
ough, and reminded me of a sugar
the wheel of a candy cage.
's to my neighbor, 'he's showin' off.
s-doin' it. I'll show him.' He sail got out
of nothin'. If he'd play me up a
nd or other I'd ——
hbor says: '*Heish!*' very impatient.
ound to git up and go home, bein'
olishness, when I heard a little bird
ay off in the woods and calling
is mate, and I looked up and I see
n was beginnin' to take some inter-
ness, and I sot down. He made
make pictures for me faster than
e a stick; to tell tales like the story-
start all sorts of feelin's—it just
I was a child wherever it pleased.
all at his second piece, and then
t and couldn't never be. It was the
he light come faint from the east,
wed gentle and fresh, some more
in the orchard, then some more in
the house, 'mighty like a spirit
began to stir, and the gal opened
ust then the first beam of that sun
ossoms; a leetle more and it techt
bushes, and the next thing it was
sun fairly blazed; the birds sang
their little throats; all the leaves
flashin' diamonds of dew, and the
d was bright and happy as a king.
ke there was a good deal left in
the land, and not a sick child or
re. It was a fine mornin'.
to my neighbor: 'That's music—

ed at me like he'd like to cut my

e wind turned; it begun to thicken
of gray mist came over things. I
d 'rectly. Then a silver rain begun
the drops sinkin' into the ground;
like long pearl earrings, and the
like round rubies. It was pretty.
Then the pearls gathered them-
strands and necklaces, and then
thin silver streams running be-
avels, and then the streams joined
he bottom of the hill, and made a
ed silent, except that you could
music, specially when the bushes
ved as the music went along down
could smell the flowers in the
he sun didn't shine, nor the birds
ogay day, but not cold. The most
ough, was the little white angel-
e in pictures—that run ahead of
, and led it on and on, away out of
e no man ever was—*I* never was,
d see that boy just as plain as I see
moonlight cakes, without any sun-
on the graveyards where some
ed their hands and went over
tween the black, sharp-top trees
houses rose up, with fine ladies in
ows and men that loved 'em, but
a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars
, and made me that miserable I
cause I wanted to love somebody,
o, better than the men with guitars
sun went down, it got dark, the
d wept like a lost child for its dead
ould a-got up then and thar and
r sermon than any I ever listened
a thing in the world left to live
thing; and yet I didn't want that
e bit. It was happier to be miser-
appy without being miserable. I
and it. I hung my head and pull-
rchief, and blowed my nose loud
in'. My eyes is weak, anyway. I
body to be a-gazin' at me a-snivel-
dy's business what I do with my
. But some several giared at me,

a sudden, old Ruben changed his
and he rar'd, he tipped and tar'd,
he charged, like the grand entry
ared to me that all the gas in the
d on at once, things got so bright,
head, ready to look any man in
t afeard of nothin.' It was a cir-
and and a big ball, all goin' on at
He lit into them keys like a house
e give 'em no rest, day nor night;
' jint in me a-goin'; and not bein'
no longer, I jumpt spang onto my
iered:
be!'
man, woman and child in the
and shouted:
put him out!'
reat-grandmother's grizzly-gray-
to the middle of next month!' I
if you dar! I paid my money,
e a-nigh me!'
e several p'licemen run up, and I
form and walked easily. Ruben
down. But I would a-fit any body
on me, for I was bound to hear

ged his tune agin. He hop-light
oed fine from eend to eend of the
played soft, and low, and solemn-
rch-bells over the hills. The can-
as lit. One by one I saw the stars
organ of eternity began to play
s end to the world, and I all
t to prayers. Then the music
er, full of feeling that couldn't be
ess told about, and begun to drop
rip, drop—clear and sweet, like
into a lake of glory. It was
at. It was as sweet as a sweet-
sweetness with white sugar mixt
dilver and seed-diamonds. It was
you the audience cheered. Rubens
d like he wanted to say: 'Much
d rather you wouldn't interrup'

nute or two to fetch breath. Then
run his fingers through his hair,
sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a

little further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stompt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the base till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the trible into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard-two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he crost over first lady, he balanced to pards, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all-hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and thar, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double and twisted and tied and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-leven thousand double bow-knots. By jings! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his centre, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege-guns down thar, Napoleons here, five-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-size guns, round-shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canisters, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trimbled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt; heavens and earth, creation, sweet-potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, tenpenny nails, my Mary Ann, hallelujah sweet Cesar in a 'simmon-tree, Jerooslim, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle — ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — raddle-addle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-iddle — reetle-eetle-eetle-eetle-eetle—p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! p-r-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per plang! p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! BANG!

"With that bang! he lifted hisself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

"When I come to I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was a-breaking by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I didn't know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him 'Hot music on the half shell for two!' I pintedly did."
MOSES ADAMS.

ATHLETIC.

THE ASTLEY BELT.

Although at the period of writing this the sixth tournament for the six-day pedestrian championship, which commenced at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., at 1 A. M., Nov. 3, is not concluded, the result is a certainty in favor of that wonderful specimen of British pluck and stamina Charles Rowell. Holding the lead almost, if not quite, from the first mile, he at three o'clock on the morning of the sixth day was sixty-five and a half miles ahead of his countryman, Littlewood, who in turn was fourteen and a quarter miles ahead of the only American representative left in the race, Dobler, Blower Brown having run himself to pieces on the first day, while Pegram stopped on the wrong side of a hundred miles, and Tom Davis' other entry, Harry Howard, found the pace too hot to live through, and he bade good-bye to the track and fame on the third day. Dobler, as had been feared, fell lame on Wednesday, but gamely struggled to retain his position next the leader, which he did until the afternoon of Thursday, when Littlewood headed him, and has since been gradually leaving him in the lurch. All previous records have been eclipsed from an early hour in the race, and, although there is no necessity for him to do so, it seems probable that Rowell will cover a sufficient number of miles to beat Frank Hart's great record, which he can easily do, and then stop a couple of hours in advance of limit-time, by going on at a rate of but a trifle more than four miles per hour. The story of the race during the first five days is briefly told in the subjoined cable-dispatches:

LONDON, Nov. 2, 4 A. M.—The betting at the start was 2 to 1 against Rowell, 5 to 2 against Brown, 5 to 1 against Dobler, 5 to 1 against Pegram, 8 to 1 against Howard, and 8 to 1 against Littlewood. The score at ten o'clock A. M. was as follows: Rowell, 66 miles; Littlewood, 63; Brown, 61 miles 5 laps; Dobler, 61 3; Howard, 54 7; Pegram, 51 4. At the start there was a great race for the lead between Rowell and Brown, the former accomplishing the unprecedented feat of running 50 miles in 6h. 38m. Brown has been off the track three times since the start; once for 25 minutes. The general opinion at present is that Rowell will win, with Dobler second. At 11h. 40m. A. M. the following were the scores: Rowell, 78 miles; Littlewood, 73 2; Dobler, 72 1; Brown, 69 3; Howard, 62 5; Pegram, 58 1. At three o'clock P. M. the scores were as follow: Rowell, 100 miles 1¾ laps; Littlewood, 93 1; Brown, 90 1; Dobler, 84 4; Howard, 77 4; Pegram, 71 3. Brown left the track at thirty-five minutes past twelve o'clock, suffering in the groin. Both Rowell and Dobler have so far beaten anything on record. At 6 o'clock P. M. the scores were: Rowell, 112 miles 4 laps; Littlewood, 104 3; Dobler, 106 1; Howard, 86 6; Pegram, 78 1. Brown broke down. He was visited by a doctor, who declared that rest for him was imperative. He was assisted from the hall by his friends, suffering considerably. The other men continued in good condition. At 9.30 P. M. the scores were: Rowell, 137 miles; Dobler, 130; Littlewood, 120; Howard, 102; Pegram, 95. The latter was then off the track. Rowell and Dobler have beaten the best record for 100 miles—Dobler by 44 minutes, and Rowell by much more. At three o'clock A. M. the score stood: Rowell, 162 miles; Littlewood, 126 miles 5 laps; Dobler, 145; Howard, 112; Pegram, 103.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—The scores at 10 o'clock A. M. were: Rowell, 186 miles 4 laps; Littlewood, 152; Dobler, 177 4; Howard, 135 3; Pegram, 88. Rowell rested 2 hours and 25 minutes during the night; Dobler, 2h 13m.; Littlewood, 3h. 51m.; and Howard, 2h. 32m. They all suffered greatly in the early morning from the intense cold. Pegram is laid up with rheumatism in the muscles and thighs. Though he did five miles during the night, his chance is virtually gone. At 3 o'clock P. M. the scores were: Rowell, 210 miles 4 laps; Littlewood, 172 2; Dobler, 201 4; Howard, 160 6. Pegram is very feverish, and will not likely be seen on the track to-night. Rowell completed the 200 miles at 1.43 o'clock P. M. He was then 9 miles and 3 laps in front of Dobler, and 36 miles and 1 lap in front of Littlewood.

LONDON, Nov. 4, 4 A. M.—All the pedestrians rested about three hours during Tuesday night. Littlewood was the first one out, followed by Dobler and Howard. The last to appear was Rowell. They were all going well in the morning. Daniel O'Leary, on behalf of an unknown, has challenged the winner to a future match for the belt. The scores at 10 A. M. were: Rowell, 280 miles; Littlewood, 229; Dobler, 268; Howard, 219. By 3 P. M. they had considerably increased. They then stood: Rowell, 304 miles 2 laps; Littlewood, 251 5; Dobler, 290 3½; Howard, 237 1½. Rowell was two hundred miles in advance of the fastest time on record, and Dobler nearly eleven miles. Rowell's time for the 300 miles was 62h. 7m., at which point he was thirteen miles and one lap in front of Dobler. At 8.30 P. M. the scores were: Rowell, 328 miles 1 lap; Littlewood, 260 4; Dobler, 300 5; Howard, 239 6. Howard showed signs of lameness soon after three o'clock. He took frequent rests when on the track, and only made about forty miles an hour. Dobler completed the 300 miles at eleven minutes past five o'clock, being at that time fourteen miles and three laps behind Rowell. At half-past seven Dobler went into his tent and retired, but he appeared again at half-past eight o'clock, and walked apparently as well as ever. At ten o'clock his lameness returned, and he again retired. Howard virtually retired from the contest at six o'clock. The score at midnight was as follows: Rowell, 340 miles; Littlewood, 286; Dobler, 315 miles 3 laps; Howard, 240 1. Dobler appeared again at one o'clock A. M., walking lame. He covered four miles before Rowell appeared, at nineteen minutes past two. Littlewood, who rested three hours, appeared at nineteen minutes to two. The score at three o'clock stands: Rowell, 342 miles 6 laps; Littlewood, 291 2; Dobler, 321 3. The latter back tendon in Howard's right leg has given away.

LONDON, Nov. 4, 11 P. M.—The attendance is very poor. Brown, Pegram and Howard have finally retired. The position of the contestants at noon was: Rowell, 368 miles 3 laps; Dobler, 339; Littlewood, 326. At five P. M. the score stood: Rowell, 378 miles 5 laps; Dobler, 341 5; Littlewood, 338 1. Dobler was resting at the time the above score was taken. Rowell's score is an advance of fifteen miles on the best record for the same time. He is going well. At 8.28 o'clock Rowell retired to his tent, and at 3.54 Littlewood trotted into second place, Dobler having been off the track since 1.36. At four o'clock the positions were: Rowell, 383 miles 2 laps; Littlewood, 342 1. Howard has left the building. Littlewood is going fairly well, changing his direction every few laps. The breaking down of Dobler and Howard was attributed to their not reversing their direction, whereby the right legs in both cases have given way. Every effort was made to put Dobler right, but without success. Littlewood ran his 335th mile in 6m. 46s., and simultaneously Rowell did his 376th mile at the same speed. Dobler evinced great courage, but was in a most pitiable condition. His leg was terribly swollen, and he dragged it painfully. He had not made his reappearance at 5h. 20m. o'clock, when Rowell's score was 392 miles and 2¼ laps, and Littlewood's 344 miles and 2 laps. Dobler reappeared at six o'clock. His leg was evidently much better. The fast mile, run simultaneously by Rowell and Littlewood, told its tale, as Rowell went a bit queer afterwards and Littlewood retired the night at nine o'clock.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Rowell completed 400 miles in ninety hours, and retired for the night at 11h. 15m. P. M. Yesterday Dobler retired at 12h. 30m. A. M. The score then stood: Rowell, 416 miles; Littlewood, 360 miles 4 laps; Dobler, 360 6. Agricultural Hall was crowded to-day, although nothing extraordinary transpired, the result of the contests being a foregone conclusion. Rowell was in good form and walked easily. Littlewood disappeared at 12h. 23m. A. M. and Dobler at 1h. 34m. A. M. The latter went much better. The score at 3 A. M. stood: Rowell, 416 miles; Littlewood, 376; Dobler, 369. At 10 o'clock the scores were: Rowell, 432 miles; Littlewood, 387; Dobler, 379. Rowell completed his 450th mile at 1.45 P. M.—twenty-nine miles ahead of his own previous best time and four miles ahead of Brown's record. After acknowledging the applause of the audience he retired for rest. Dobler was much better than on the previous day, and was going fairly well, although evidently in considerable pain. On account of the intense cold and fog, Littlewood wore a respirator. Littlewood also retired for rest at 1.16 P. M., and Dobler was left alone on the track. At 2 o'clock the following were the scores: Rowell, 450 miles; Littlewood, 400; Dobler, 387. At 3 P. M. the scores were: Rowell, 452 miles 1¾ laps; Littlewood, 404; Dobler, 391. The leading men were going well, but Dobler was slow. At 5 o'clock the scores were: Rowell, 460 miles; Littlewood, 408; Dobler, 395. Rowell was suffering from influenza. He says that he intends to beat Hart's record of 565 miles 165 yards. At 5.30 the scores were: Rowell, 463 miles 2 laps; Littlewood, 409 ½; Dobler, 395 6. The scores at midnight were: Rowell, 492 miles 1 lap; Littlewood, 426 4½; Dobler, 410 4. The score at three o'clock this morning stood: Rowell, 492 miles 1 lap; Littlewood, 426 5; Dobler, 412 3. For conclusion see an inside page.

THE O'LEARY BELT.

John Ennis recently challenged Frank Hart for the belt presented by Daniel O'Leary and representing the six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian championship of America, and on Nov. 8 he and the holder of the trophy met at the office of the stakeholder and signed the following, which will prove an interesting document to many who are ambitious of gaining laurels as long-distance travelers, and have been waiting for something of the sort to turn up:

Memorandum of agreement, made and entered into this 3d day of November, 1880, between Frank H. Hart, Boston, Mass., U. S. A., party of the first part, and John Ennis, Stamford, Ct., U. S. A.,

[here will be inserted the names of all future challengers] parties of the second part.

Witnesseth that whereas the said party of the first part is the holder of the O'Leary Belt, representing the six-day pedestrian championship of America; and the said parties of the second part have each duly challenged him to compete for the same under the conditions in accordance with which it is held,

Now, therefore, this agreement witnesseth that the said parties of the first and second parts do hereby agree to compete for the O'Leary belt and a sweepstakes of $500 for each and every contestant, which amount—$500—must be deposited by each and every contestant with the office of *The Spirit of the Times*, New York City, U. S. A., who is the official stakeholder, on or before ——

The race shall take place in New York City at a date and in a building to be hereafter agreed upon, and shall be 142 consecutive hours.

Each of the contestants who shall during the above-mentioned 142 hours travel on foot, and without assistance, 450 miles, or farther than that distance, shall be placed in accordance with the distance traveled by him, and shall receive his proper share of the profits, in accordance with the published rules of the belt.

The man who travels the greatest distance of all the contestants shall receive the whole of the sweepstakes, the custody of the O'Leary belt, subject to its published rules, and his proper share of the profits.

After paying all expenses, the remaining receipts shall be divided between those contestants who travel 450 miles or farther, in the proportions laid down by the published rules of the belt.

It is expressly understood and agreed by all the parties to this contract that the contestants shall have no tents nor buildings in the inner ring, but that the space shall be kept clear for the use of spectators.

It is hereby expressly understood and agreed by all interested parties that the stakeholder is authorized and empowered to decide all differences of opinion between the parties of the first and second parts.

The contestants, or as many of them as wish so to do, shall have the right to select and appoint two agents, who shall represent them, and be paid by them, and by them alone. These agents shall have access to the accounts of the box-office, and be afforded every facility for watching the sale and collection of tickets, and their final counting; those contestants who do not consider these agents necessary shall not be compelled to contribute to their payment.

We, the undersigned, parties of the first and second parts, do hereby agree to accept and abide by each and every one of the several clauses of the above articles, and in witness thereof have appended our several signatures, as follows. FRANK H. HART.

(Witness) W. B. CURTIS. JOHN ENNIS.

The contest will take place in New York City, most likely during holiday week, and negotiations for a suitable building are in progress.

BROOKLYN ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Fall games of this club were held on election-day, Nov. 2, at the grounds, at Ninth avenue and Ninth street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The weather was Spring-like, the track in a good condition, and the games on the whole a success, albeit the handicapping was poor. The officers were: Referee, James Watson; judges—G. H. Badeau, Putnam A. C., J. Mayo, Polytechnic A. C., Knickerbocker A. C., and J. N. Lachantin, Brooklyn A. C.; timers—R. A. Maxwell, Brooklyn A. C., Wm. Voorhees, Clinton A. C., and J. Wood Jr., Williamsburg A. C.; starter and judge of walking, John Fraser.

One-hundred-yard run—First heat: C. J. Connell, Knickerbocker A. C. (scratch), 1, in 13s.; C. J. Connell, American A. C. (5yds.), 2. They jogged over the course together, making it a walk-over, entitling them to start in the final. Second heat: C. P. W. Merritt, Brooklyn A. C. (9), in 11⅛s.; Wm. McKinney, Adelphi A. C. (8), 2. Third heat: A. Waldron, New York (5), 1; L. H. Wales, Orange, N. J. (7), 2. Fourth heat: S. P. Wiley, Brooklyn A. C. (9), 1, in 10⅜s.; C. W. Chamberlain, Crescent A. C. (4), 2. Second trials, first heat: C. J. Connell, 1, in 11s.; L. A. Stuart and Wm. McKinney, dead heat for second place. Second heat: A. Waldron, 1, in 11s.; L. H. Wales, 2. Final heat: A. Waldron, 1, in 10⅘s.; C. J. Connell, 2, by three yards. Stuart did not finish.

Half-mile run—Wm. Highland, Williamsburg, N. Y. (35yds.), 1, in 2m. 11s.; Remsen Darling, Manhattan A. C. (40), 2.

Individual tug-of-war, 150lb.—First pull: W. J. Warwick, Scottish-Amer. A. C., 1; C. E. Stillwell, Y. M. C. A., 2. Second pull: A. Cale, Clinton A. C., 1; John O'Brien, Empire City A. C., 2. Third pull: B. J. Stephens, Entre Nous A. C., 1; Wm. Highland, Brooklyn A. C., 2. Second trial, first pull: Cale, 1, by 6ft.: Warwick, 2. Final pull: Stephens, 1, by 15in.; Cale, 2.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yards run—First heat: L. H. Wales, Orange, N. J. (10yds.), 1, in 26⅘sec.; T. J. Murphy, Park A. C., 2. Second heat: F. J. Sharp, Adelphi A. C. (12), 1, in 26sec.; F. R. Bourne, Brooklyn A. C. (10), 2. Third heat: R. Darling, Manhattan A. C. (12), 1, in 26⅘sec.; C. J. Connell, American A. C. (scratch), 2. Final heat: Sharp, 1, in 24⅗sec.; Murphy, 2.

One-mile walk—F. L. Colver, Brooklyn A. C. (5.8sec.), 1, in 7m. 56s.; A. J. Matthews, Clinton A. C. (55), 2.

Quarter-mile run—First heat: W. Goodside, N. Y. City (30yds.), 1, in 3m. 46⅘s.; L. Sterns, Lennox B. C. (45), 2, by 30yds. Second heat: C. A. Reed, Col. Coll. B. C. (75), 3. Second heat: C. A. Reed, Col. Coll. B. C. (35), 1, in 3m. 58s.; R. Underhill, M. B. C. (scratch), 2; C. Duane, N. Y. City (50), 3. Third heat: J. Sterns, Jr., Lennox B. C. (40), 1, in 3m. 30⅘s.; F. W. Lennox B. C. (75), 2; J. Richards, Lennox B. C. (75), 3; J. Shields, Bates A. C. (50), 0; G. H. Taylor, N. Y. A. C. (scratch), and F. Bruner, M. B. C. (45), did not finish. Final heat: J. Sterns, 1, in 3m. 33⅗s.; Reed, 2, by two yards; Underhill, 3, by one yard; Weber, 4, by three yards; L. Sterns, 5.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard run—First heat: R. H. Sayre, N. Y. A. C. (13 yards), 1, in 28sec.; H. Davidson, Jr., Adelphi A. C. (9), 2. Second heat: C. Bissell, M. A. C. (10), 3, by one foot; L. A. Stuart, Kn. A. C. (scratch), 4, by one yard, claimed foul against Burrill, and was allowed to run in final. Second heat: J. McKinnery, E. C. A. C. (12), 1, in 29⅗sec.; Burrill, 2, by two yards; Sayre, 3, by one yard; W. R. Stewart, N. Y. A. C. (10), 3, by one foot; R. Combes, Inwood A. C. (10), 4; H. Alsheimer, N. Y. City (6), 0. Final heat: McKinnery, 1, in 22⅘sec.; Sayre, 2, by four feet; Young, 3; Stuart, 0; Davidson, 0.

Quarter-mile run-and-walk handicap, 10 hurdles, 2ft. 6in. high—First heat: L. E. Myers, M. A. C. (scratch), 1, in 1m. 1⅛s.; H. Alsheimer, N. Y. City (20yds.), 2; Turner, 3b.p. 4, 2 1-10 s. 2; Turner, 1lb., 4, 0 s. 3; J. Lamb, 3, 4 s. 4. Second heat: S. Voorhees, M. A. C. (35), 1, in 1m. 1⅝s.; H. Stone, N. Y. City (35), 2; W. R. Stewart, N. Y. A. C. (25), 3; J. J. Reilly, E. C. A. C. (35), 4. Final heat: Voorhees, 1, in 58sec.; Stone, 2; Alsheimer, 3; Myers, 0. Scratch, 1 in 55s.

Throwing the hammer—C. A. Queckberner, S. A. A. C., 88ft. 3 3-5in.; W. B. Curtis, N. Y. A. C., 87ft. 3 3-5in.

Two-mile bicycle-race—L. H. Johnson, Ess. B. C., 1, in 7m. 36⅘s.; W. M. Woodside, N. Y. City, 2, by 140yds.

BATES ATHLETIC CLUB.

The employes of Bates, Reed & Cooley held games on the morning of Nov. 2 at the Manhattan A. C. grounds, this city. It was an invitation meeting, and the friends of the members of the association were present in large numbers. Those who had the management of affairs were inexperienced, and in some instances betrayed ignorance of athletic law and custom; but they did the best they could, and may be depended upon to do better next time. The weather was bright and balmy, the track passably good, and the seventh Separate Regiment Band enjoyable, and the competitions gave pleasure to the spectators. A return follows:

One-hundred-yard run—First heat: J. Shields, 1, in 12 4-5sec.; H. G. Young, 2, by two yards; J. Gerschenbein, 3, by four feet. Second heat: James, 1, in 12sec.; W. C. Phelps, 2, by one yard; I. J. Dailey, 3. Final heat: Shields, 11¾sec.; Phelps, 2; James, 3; Young, 4.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard run, boys under 17 years—A. R. Halliday, 1, in 33sec.; W. McNally, 2, by four yards; C. Opdyke, 0; J. Farrell, 0; V. D. Dailey, 0; H. P. Tanner, 0.

Strangers' race, half mile—H. Fredericks, M. A. C., 1, in 2m. 11⅘s.; E. A. Knight, M. A. C., 2; E. D. Jesurun, M. A. C., 3.

Tug-of-war, teams of three men, ten-minutes time-limit—G. Wood, W. Foley and R. G. Armstrong, 1, by two feet; P. Nicholson, M. Martin and P. Van Zuilen, 2.

Quarter-mile run—J. Shields, 1, in 58¾sec.; W. C. Phelps, 2, by 15yds.; J. B. Frazer, 3; I. N. W. James, 0; A. H. Grote, 0.

Two-mile run—A. King, 1, in 1h. 12m. 26s.; M. M. Branch, 2, in 1h. 21m. 19s.; M. O'Neal, 3.

Standing long-jump—W. A. Huffington, 9ft.; W. McGraw, 8ft. 11in.; F. L. Patterson, 8ft. 3in.

Tug-of-war, teams of three men, 420lb.; five-minute time-limit—First pull: A. Brew, W. Mulvey and I. J. Dailey, 1, by fifteen inches; T. Foley, A. C. Walther and P. Dolan, 2. Second pull: R. G. Armstrong, H. Waterman and W. A. Edmund, 1, by three feet; E. K. Ullman, C. Heisne and J. Gallagh, 2. Final pull: W. Mulvey, I. J. Dailey and T. Foley, 1, by 3ft. 6in.; R. G. Armstrong, H. Waterman and W. A. Edmund, 2. Foley, by consent of all interested, took the place of Brew, who was unable to pull.

Two-mile bicycle-race—I. N. W. James, 1, in 9m. 59s.; H. G. Young, 2, in 10m. 27s.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle-race, ten hurdles, 2ft. 6in. high—W. E. Taylor, 34¾s.; A. H. Grote, 2, by fifteen yards.

One-mile run—J. B. Fraser, 1, in 5m. 48¾s.; F. W. Bigelow, 2, by 150 yards.

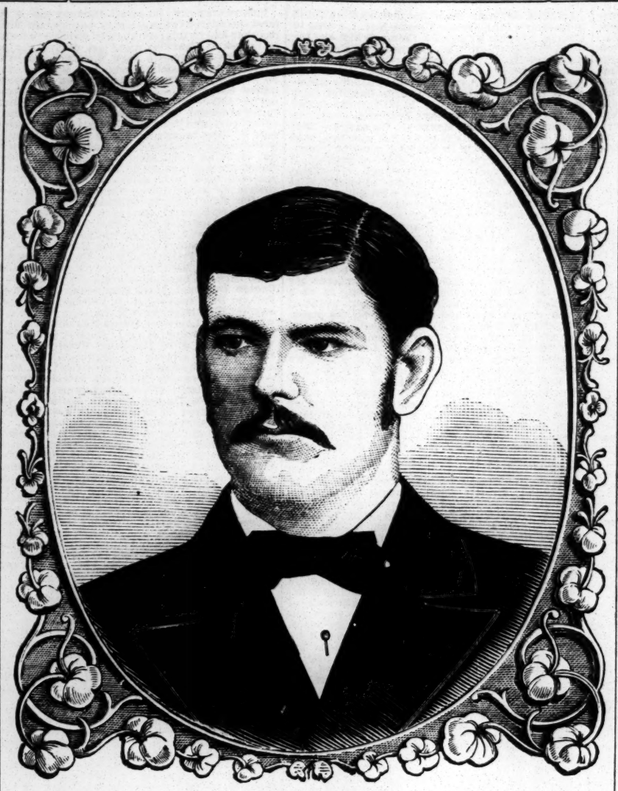
Half-mile run—J. Shields, 1, in 2m. 27½s.; A. Brew, 2, by ten yards.

THE PHILADELPHIA HANDICAP.

The entries, with starts, for the All-United States 135yds. Handicap, to take place at Scattergood's Lamb Tavern track, Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving-day, are as follows: J. Shuttleworth, Canada, scratch; J. F. Crossley, Philadelphia, scratch; E. S. Tesdale, Canada, 2½ yards; F. McQuigin, Boston, Mass., 2½; G. Smith, Pittsburg, Pa., 2½; H. Cornelius, Ohio, 4; West Height, Coopersville, Pa., 4½; T. Gerriaty, Southington, Ct., 5; F. Ernst, Germantown, Pa., 5½; A. Smith, Frankfort, 6; T. Darcy, Trenton, N. J., 6½; C. W. Dutton, Southington, Ct., 7½; W. Elsenhow, Philadelphia, 7½; J. Jamison, Trenton, N. J., 7½; Joel Brooks, Kensington, 8½; A. Miller, Philadelphia, 10; J. Nolan, Philadelphia, 10; E. White, Manayunk, 10; D. Ader, Philadelphia, 10; W. Rouse, Manayunk, 10½; W. Irvine, Philadelphia, 10½; W. Hill, Philadelphia, 11; W. Coates, Philadelphia, 11½; J. Shillingsford, West Philadelphia, 11½; W. Cole, Trenton, N. J., 13; G. Bechtel, 13; W. Russell (colored), Philadelphia, 13½; J. Robinson, Philadelphia, 15; C. Armstrong, Philadelphia, 15; W. Johnson, Philadelphia, 16½; L. Paschall, Philadelphia, 17; R. Johnson, Philadelphia, 17; C. Howard, Philadelphia, 17. All false entries will be disqualified. Acceptances, $1; close Nov. 15.

A FOOTBALL-MATCH between teams representing respectively the College of the City of New York and the Stevens Institute was played Nov. 2 in Hoboken, N. J. The sides were made up thus: College: Olcott, Barnum, L. Langbien, J. Langbien, Ullman, Cronson and Condon, forwards; Lippman, Sinclair and Fabregon, half-backs; and Foye, back. Stevens: Reisenberger, Butler, Dunlap, Dillworth, Barry and Lyal, forwards; Procy, McNaughton (the captain) and Hyslop, half-backs; and Klitzch and McGovern, backs. The Stevens boys won by a score of two touchdowns to nothing.

GEORGE IRVING defeated R. H. Nichols in a half-mile run, for $300, on Cumberland Park, Plattsburg, N. Y., Oct. 30. Time, 2m. 4¾s. Rain was falling and the track was muddy.



JOHN J. SMITH.

This prominent California player was born in New York City about twenty-two years ago, but removed to Chicago when twelve years of age. He played with local amateur clubs of the latter city until 1878, when he went to California. While practicing on the Recreation Ground, San Francisco, he was accidentally seen by the directors of the Knickerbocker Club, who immediately secured his services as first-baseman, and have found him to be a valuable acquisition to their organization. He is an honest, hard-working player, and his genial disposition has endeared him alike to the players and patrons of the game in California. Smith has had many flattering offers to join other clubs, but has remained true to the Knickerbockers, with whom he commenced his professional career. He is 5ft. 10in. in height, weighs 210 pounds and being within an inch of 6 feet in height he is very quick, graceful and active in his movements. As a batsman he ranks among the best, experiencing no difficulty in hitting such pitchers as Devlin, Corcoran, McCormick, Sweeney, Galvin and Nolan for home-runs and innumerable two-baggers and three-baggers. He made five successive base-hits, including a home-run, off Devlin in a recent game, and led the batting averages for the seasons of 1879 and 1880 on the Pacific coast. He is also a good baseman, and since the Knickerbockers since the commencement of the season of 1879, not missing a single game, and in his playing of that position the Eastern professionals who have visited the Pacific coast all accord him the palm. For so large a man (he weighing

BASEBALL.

THE CHAMPION CLUB OF KENTUCKY.

The Eclipse Club of Louisville has shown itself this year to be not only the champion club of Kentucky, but also one of the best amateur clubs in the country. The official summary of the season's work shows that the Eclipses have lost but three of the twenty-nine games played. The most noteworthy contests of the past season were those with the Red Stockings and the Covington Stars, in each of which the Eclipse Club scored the solitary and winning run in the twelfth inning. In six other games their opponents were also shanked. The total number of runs made by the Eclipse Club in these twenty-nine games amounted to 230, while their opponents scored but 59. Browning has the best batting average, closely followed in that respect by Reccius, who pitched very effectively and had the best fielding record. Below we give the batting and fielding averages:

	Games	Total Times at Bat	Total Base-hits	Total Runs	Percentage of Base-hits to Times at Bat	Total Runs Scored	Total Runs Accepted	Percentage of Runs Scored to Runs Accepted	Position	Total Fielding Positions	Fielding Percentage
Browning, 3b	29	141	382	132	878	1	0	0	3	5	1
Reccius, p	29	132	321	249	963	3	1	5	1	1	1
Pfeffer, 2b	29	138	297	217	894	3	1	5			
Crotty, c	27	119	277	288	954	4	2	5			
Dyler, l	27	107	271	30	933	4	3	4			
Blaufuss, 1b	25	105	257	300	900	6	4	3			
Zimmerman, r. f	28	132	229	38	868	7	7	0			
Harrington, s. f	25	135	180	26	800	9	9	0			
Pfeiffer, s. s	28	135	148	111	846	9	8	0			

MACKENZIE'S SIDE.		MACKENZIE'S SIDE.	
Wilson b. Sprague	19	Mackenzie c. Lawler b. Tilly	0
Hosford, run out	0	Hooper b. Hosford	0
Lendrum, run out	0	Jackson b. Hosford	2
Hulbert b. Hooper	3	Munroe b. Hosford	0
Parson b. Middleton	0	H. Tucker b. Tilly	8
Tilly b. Jackson	0	J. Tucker c. Lawlor b. Hosford	0
Chippendale b. Sprague	3	Rush b. Hosford	3
Coyne b. Sprague	0	Castle b. Lawlor b. H

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M. MONDAY, Nov. 8.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnott, Lou (late of Norfolk, Va.)
Alden, Allie
Bonsell, Ada
Bennen, Julieth
Beaumont, Nellie
Bridges, Winona
Bliss, Louisa
Blanca, Tilla
Bliss, Mattie (of Forepaugh'sCir.)
Branscombe, Maude
Belden, Emma
Carlton, Jackie (Mrs. G. Dame)
Conway, Annie G.
DeFere, Ida
DeBrent, Flora
Annie (2)
Deuba, Addie
Donaldson, Daisie
Davis, Alice (of N. O. Minstrels)
Dare, Leona
Emmerson, Mrs. Dollie
Ellicott, Addie (2)
Engle, Jennie
Elliott, Addie (late of Haverly's, Chicago)
Elmore, Annie
Esmond, Ella
Fisk, May
Farrell, Minnie
Gardner, Kittie (of New Nat'l Thea., Hartford)
Gardiner, Kittie
Houghton, Bertha (care Robt. Hough-ton)
Hall, Alice
Howard, Carrie (vocalist)
Hill, Marian
Hassell, Mrs. Minnie
Holden, Gertie
Jennett, Pearl
Johnson, Mrs. Vergie
Jackson, Virginia
Jester, Mrs. Bessie W.
Jerome, Emma
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
Longfellow, Kittie
Lawrence Sisters (2)
Lee, Minnie (3)
Little Rosebud
Liffgard, Georgie
Lillion, Lulu
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Mendoza, Annie
McKee, Emma (of McCune Sisters' 16c. Co., Agent
Mitchell, Blanche
Meyer, Bonnie
Merlen, Kate (cornetist)
Moore, Claudie
Marshall, Minnie
Mason, Stella
Morton, Mrs. Blanche
O'Neil, Mrs. J. H. (late of Chicago)
Parker, Georgie
Perry, Minnie (circus)
Ross, Sadie (of Hartford, Conn.)
Reynolds, Kittie
Ross, Pattie
Rhodes, Mrs. Julia
Smith, Blanche
Summerfield, Maggie
Scott, Mabel
Sessions, Louise
Smith, Mrs. H. P.
Shanley, Mrs. Josephine
Smith, Allie
Turner, Della
Vernon, Pauline (of Miles' JuvenileCo.
Verne, Emma
Wallace Sisters Co., Agent
Wesner, Ella (3)
Wright, Alice (burlesque "Biz")
Washburn, Kate
Wells, Katherine
Wentworth, Lottie
Werner, Maud
Stanley

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Alberton, J. N.
Ames, Emile
Armstrong, Harry J.
Aubrey, Robt.
Aberly, J. (manager)
Arnold, Max (Dutch "biz")
Armitgatt, Geo.
Arnold, J. W.
Barrows, Jas. O.
Browne, R. S.
Burgess, J. (of Fortera' Dram. Co.) (2)
Blitz, Eugene
Blitz, Francois
Bliss, Chas.
Benton, Chas (2)
Carson, Jr., Kit
Clarke, J. H. (manager)
Clarke, Kit
Chas. O. C. E.
Connolly, Frank J. (agent)
Conway, H. A.
Cole, Geo. S.
Constantine, Chas.
Curry, Nelson (2)
Cox, Abe (vocalist)
Cogill, J. (of Cogill Bros.)
Carleton, Wm.
Coddington, Harry
Coveila, Frank
Campbell, Bartley
Craig, W. J.
Cohen, G. (of Evan geline Co.)
Cowan, A. (2)
Crandall, Harry
Christie, Ali.
Connor, Frank (agent)
Connors, John H. (actor)
Cohan, Jerry
Clark, Harry
Irish "biz")
Cole, Lew
Cassell, John
Clement Bros.
Concert Co., Manager
Carte, D'Oyle
Donaldson, R. C.
H. D. J.
Donaldson, Chas. (cannon-ball "biz")
Duerdsberger, Geo.
Dell, Hank
DeBonay, John
Dickson, R. (of Dickson's Mastodon Pa-noramic Co.)
Daniel, Mons. (Parisian p.o.mark)
Eugene, Chas.
Unsworth & Eugene)
Davenport & Gilbert Bons 14c.
DeFrece, Maurice (2)
Denier, John
Dalton, James
Day, D. C.
Davis, J. (of Batcheler & Doris' Cir.)
Dashing Sam (2)
DeVeaux, Tommy
Dailey, James
Emmerson, Al
Edmonds, Leslie
Elviro, Tom (trapeze artist)
Eades, H. (of Smith's & Bellringers)
Everett & Daly (2)
Freeman, C. H.
Farmes, Harry
Ferguson & Mack
Ferguson, C. H.
Fox, R. (of Miles' Juvenile Co.)
Ferguson, (of Ferguson & Mack)
Flynn, M. (of Flynn & Lacy)
Farrell, Tony
Foreman, F. S.
Francis, Jules
Fleury, Fernando
Fortier, H. (2)
Farren, T. (of Farren & Baker)
Foote, Commodore (2)
Flynn, Matt
Fanshawe, Arthur
Fagan, R. (of Mulvey & Ferris, T. (of London Show)
Garland, Jas.
Giovanni, Sig.
Geyer, Frank
Gilmore, (of Four Diamonds)
Gallagher & West
Gardiner, Frank
Houghton, Bertha (care Robt. Hough-ton)
Hall, Alice
Howard, Carrie (vocalist)
Hill, Marian
Hurd, C. S. (gymnast)
Holdsworth, Sam
Hayle, Billy
Harrison, G. W.
Heywood, J. (of Heywood's Mins.)
Hirst, Jas.
Hirst, W. L.
Herbert, F. (of Herbert Bros.)
Hotto, Harry
Herbert, Chas.
Herbert, Jas.
Irving, Wm. (agent)
Julian, Fred. (2)
Jefferson's Mana-ger, Jos.
Jones, Chas. A. (agent)
Johnson, Mrs. J. E.
Joyce, M. (of "Rosiin"
Kentfrow, J. R.
Keadle, J. (of Ripley & Keade)
Koone, J. W.
Kelly & Shaw
Kirk, Chas. W.
Richmond, H. G.
Robertson, Wm.
Smith & Barker
Sbarnian, W. T. (c/o St. Louis Circus)
Sarsfield, Stephen
Straskel, Neal
Strong, R. S.
Scriver, Chas. N. (agent)
Shelly, Jos. F.
Simonds, Al H. (agent)
Sefton, F. (of Austin & Sefton)
Stuvens, R. E.
Sanders, (care J. D. Verso)
Sullivan, J. (of Galley Shooters)
Stewart, C. (of Wallace-Wilde Co.)
Sawtelle, Chas. (of Campbell & Rogers' show)
Sylvester, Henry
Sands, Ed.
Sylvester, Arthur (care Dennis Ayl-mer)
Stone, H. B. (manager)
Smith, H. (of Abberly's Minst.)
Slate, Frederick
Smith, Prof. Neil
Strong, Rudolph
Sharpley, Al. (manager) 16c.
Snow, Edwin
Sanford, Wm. G.
Sanbor, W. D.
Slavin, Jos.
Sullivan & Smith
Short, Bob
Shilling, C. (of Tony Denier's Co.)
Sullivan, John
Tuzzle, J. W.
Turner, G. (of The Virginia Bros.)
Trudell & Rowan
Thomas' Orchestra, The Maders
Thornton, W. (of Berlin Allied Artists)
Tradell, Al.
Thompson, E. A.
Tracy, J. F.
Vaughn, Harry (of Vaughn Sis.)
Watson, Geo.
Williamson, J. A. (ventriloquist)
Walker, Whitman 20c.
Warner, Col.
Weeger, Ned
Wilson, J. W.
Rogers' Show
Waldon, Ed. (2)
Watson, S. (of Couple Close)
Wade & McCarthy
White, Brot. (dog-circus)
Wallis, Frank M.
Williams, John (of Williams & Walters, Mins.)
Wheatare, Mr.
Wood, Abe (of Miller's, Philadelphia)
Ward, Billy
Warburton, J. E.
Wessells, G. W.
Wallace, Harry
Wahburn, Frank B.
Weaver, Add
Wilbeling, Herr
Norton, Joe (Jug-gler)
Needham & Kelley (2)
Ogden, J. E.
Orrin, G. F.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Orrin, G. W. (2)
"Playfair"
Peter, Gus (Dutch "biz")
Porter, James
Paley, Wm.
Powell, W. H.
Pennell, R. A.
Pilling, Wm.
Robinson, Jas. (of Watson, S. & Couple Close)
Rice, Edward
Rice, Thomas
Rogers, Jas.
Richardson, C. W. (manager)
Redmond, Chas.
Georgie
Richards, Geo.
Rice, Con. (sketch "biz") (4)
Raymond, H. (of George's Comedy Co.)
Raymond & Mur-ray
Rosenfeld, Jos.
Reade, J. (of Ripley & Reade)
Roome, J. W.
Richmond, H. G.
Robertson, Wm.
Smith & Barker
Sbarnian, W. T. (c/o St. Louis Circus)
Sarsfield, Stephen
Straskel, Neal
Strong, R. S.
Scriver, Chas. N. (agent)
Shelly, Jos. F.
Simonds, Al H. (agent)
Sefton, F. (of Austin & Sefton)
Stuvens, R. E.
Sanders, (care J. D. Verso)
Sullivan, J. (of Galley Shooters)
Stewart, C. (of Wallace-Wilde Co.)
Sawtelle, Chas. (of Campbell & Rogers' show)
Sylvester, Henry
Sands, Ed.
Sylvester, Arthur (care Dennis Ayl-mer)
Stone, H. B. (manager)
Smith, H. (of Abberly's Minst.)
Slate, Frederick
Smith, Prof. Neil
Strong, Rudolph
Sharpley, Al. (manager) 16c.
Snow, Edwin
Sanford, Wm. G.
Sanbor, W. D.
Slavin, Jos.
Sullivan & Smith
Short, Bob
Shilling, C. (of Tony Denier's Co.)
Sullivan, John
Tuzzle, J. W.
Turner, G. (of The Virginia Bros.)
Trudell & Rowan
Thomas' Orchestra, The Maders
Thornton, W. (of Berlin Allied Artists)
Tradell, Al.
Thompson, E. A.
Tracy, J. F.
Vaughn, Harry (of Vaughn Sis.)
Watson, Geo.
Williamson, J. A. (ventriloquist)
Walker, Whitman 20c.
Warner, Col.
Weeger, Ned
Wilson, J. W.
Rogers' Show
Waldon, Ed. (2)
Watson, S. (of Couple Close)
Wade & McCarthy
White, Brot. (dog-circus)
Wallis, Frank M.
Williams, John (of Williams & Walters, Mins.)
Wheatare, Mr.
Wood, Abe (of Miller's, Philadelphia)
Ward, Billy
Warburton, J. E.
Wessells, G. W.
Wallace, Harry
Wahburn, Frank B.
Weaver, Add
Wilbeling, Herr

G. R. L., Hartford.—It is probably the same drama as "The New York Fireman." That was played at the Chatham Theatre, this city, thirty years ago, and may have been played elsewhere before that, under various titles as suited to different cities. We know that there was "The Philadelphia Fireman" about that time.

R. F. C., Topeka.—Miss Minnie Palmer has never been a variety actress, although in her dramatic specialties she has probably appeared at theatres which have been more or less devoted to variety attractions. Before giving a decision, we should like to know just what the bet is.

S. W., St. Louis.—I. It is uncertain. See our dramatic columns, in which announcement will be made as soon as anything definite is known. 2. Dion Boucicault first appeared in San Francisco on Jan. 19, 1874, at the California Theatre.

M. H. S., Troy.—John Collins, the noted Irish comedian, died in Philadelphia a trifle more than six years ago. Probably no one, aside from his own son, knew his real age.

J. N. H., Fawnee City.—"The Black Crook" was not performed at Niblo's Garden, this city, or anywhere else in 1864. Its first production was on Sept. 12, 1866, and it ran until Jan. 4, 1868, or a period covering 474 performances.

B. J., Kalamazoo.—It was on April 22, 1878, at the Standard Theatre, this city, that J. K Emmet made his reappearance in America after his tour around the world.

W. M., Philadelphia.—It strikes us that we saw it done many years ago. But we cannot say who it was that did it. Buttonhole some old circus-performer in Philadelphia.

R. E. J., Baltimore.—Lina Merville and Marian Elmore are sisters. Her professional name is not the real name of either.

F. J., Philadelphia.—Charles Dickens gave his farewell reading in America on April 20, 1868, at Steinway Hall, this city.

S. H. W., Burlington.—Douglas Jerrold was the author of the drama of "Black-eyed Susan." The author of the popular burlesque of it was F. C. Burnand.

PAINESVILLE.—The Tom Sayers who is here now is the son of the celebrated pugilist of the same name.

V. Z., Rochester.—Read our minstrel department. No answers by mail.

J. L., Chatham.—Ed. James, whose card see, can get you "Richelieu." Its price is fifteen cents.

J. S., Pittsburg.—Read our amusement columns from week to week.

R. E. J., Trenton.—Double-clog dances were done in this city at least as far back as 1843.

C. A. B., Louisville.—Pay no attention to the place.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, NOV. 8, '80.

"Mother, is the battle over?" Thus sang a sick and saddened minstrel as he reclined on his little bed on Wednesday last after a night of weary toil and trouble in the pursuit of useful information concerning the result of the Tuesday's desperate struggle for the "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." When the languishing minstrel was told that the strife was at an end, that a bloodless conquest had been won, and that the country was again safe, he turned over, and in a tender tone of voice gave utterance to these beautiful and patriotic

LINES

Gather round me, sisters, brother—
Bathe my cold and clammy brow;
Let me look upon dear mother,
Since his father died he's been a dad.
Hang my banjo o'er yon chromo
Of my boyhood's happy home.
Lay my bones beside my fiddle—
Oh, the anguish of this parting!
Mother, turn down the gas low.
Do not weep, for I am going.
Do not heed the sighs, or cries, or
Lamentations of the Garrick Club.
For I'm to be a Supervisor.
Tuck me in, oh, closer, tighter,
Let your kisses rest upon my brow.
Wake me when the prompter needs me.
Who are those, and those, and those?
Are they members of the elections?
And yelled my very life away.
The salary!
Yes; 'tis just two-fifty,
And I'm getting married in a day.
Sweet, celestial sounds, a-ringing,
Now vibrate upon the ear—
Mother, closer, closer, closer!
A schooner bring me full of beer!

The trials and anguish of the campaign are over, the theatrical manager sees his way clear once more, and the rank and file of festive armies behold the glorious metal of their leaders. Hardly the gay and walking gentleman; they have suffered and have felt the ills that all elections bring to the meek and lowly Thespian. But now the dead and dying will be buried out of sight, the field of action will be cleared, and the curtain will rise on a couple of the drama will arise in all their greatness and grand cur, and the usual thousands turn away. The political contest was fought to the bitter end on solid grounds, and now the minute boards will again be trod by the more pigeon-toed members of the sock and buskin, whose kindly office it is to amuse the multitude and to induce them to forget the bitterness of the campaign just closed.....Our Jim! Where is he? The present one may be seeking rest and stated that at the Tivoli (Philadelphia) Theatre in the Bowery they have been doing "Prince Methusalem," an opera by a supe (Suppe), and asking what supe it is—whether it is one of the Johnsons, or one of the Smiths, or one of the members of a street mob? When we informed him that the Suppe and his opera are as old as old Methusalem himself he quieted down, merely remarking that it shows how a supe, as well as a mule-driver or a canal-boy, can change for good or bad. He has got any go in him.....Sheehan and Jones' latest production, "The Mounted Junkman," is not, as many otherwisely might judge by the name, a tragedy, for the latter is full of life and give per all the fun as a hard-boiled egg is full of chicken-meat, and peals of hearty laughter greet S. and J. and their comical trifle at every performance. So early. We ought to state, however, that these genial comedians and jubilee songs with fellingers and dancing may be seen in the house night after night.

Curiosities for Cuba are wanted by Orrin Brothers & Co. Here is a chance for those who were "left" in the dark and cheerless days of the late fair Salt River excursions from which thousands were turned away owing to the crowded condition of the boat.....Col. A. H. Haverly as manager-at-large has been elected as third vice-president of the Lotos Club, but we do not have been made....."A Gentleman from Nevada" who went to the Aquarium to see a mermaid fish came away disgusted. He says that there were plenty of fish there, but the mermaid part relies of the house denying all men the privilege of fishing in those waters. "A Gentleman from Nevada" has, therefore, gone back to Nevada. He declares that he ney had a disappointment in New York like the following season since his first and last performance Nov. 8, and our first families circles were present in large numbers. Let us hope that the public will not be struck by the "needles and pins" of disappointment in Daly's although it is said to be a highly-pointed work.....Her Majesty's Opera Troupe are to have a shy at the sacred-concert business next Sunday evening. We are sorry to hear that the religious element is to be given a back seat, for the performances. Among the numbers announced on the bills is Rossini's "Stabat Mater," which "Our Jim" declares is nothing more nor less than a snb at matter of money! Farther a-we drifting!.....Tony Pastor's last week is over. "Fun on the Sauge," has nothing to do with the Fulton-ferry and Fifth-avenue stage line, but refers altogether to his own Broadway stage. This you may be sure, will be full of fun, for we have Fred J. Engelhardt's magician, an auditor asked "Our Jim" if he was a white man or an Indian. Quick as wink the false one replied: "He's neither; he's a necromancer." [Negromancer.].....Pat thanks should now rise when he reads about their issues in the theatre, where disappointments and heart-burnings may be lost sight of in the revelry on the boards, where friend and foe meet on a common, planing ground, where powers of pleasing and displeasing are shown, and where this article will be considered mind. It were better to be a king among beggars than a beggar on horseback. [This doesn't sound altogether right, but we haven't time to verify it by hunting up our dictionary of quotations.] Listen:

The cuckoo sat on a bramble bush,
The owl he climbed up a tree;
While a hungry dog in a ditch slept dark
And waited for day, to see;
In a neighboring dale a crow-lie sat very large wasle,
And he eyed the others with glee.
As they left their perch he gathered them in,
And a stuffed whale now is he.

.....Bernhardt shows up to-night for the first time on any stage in this city. She is as nervous as an office-seeker, and dreads the ordeal of facing a New World as the cat dreads the bulldog. They say that, in addition to being an actress, Sarah is a sculptor—and she hopes to chisel this country out of a solid golden nugget with as much ease as she chisels a bust out of a block of marble. Manager Abbey will probably thank us for the unsolicited advice we gave him as to how the Bernhardt campaign should be conducted.....A curious mistake was made last Friday morning, when a "reformed rioter" from Governor's Island came to Governor's Island to solicit an appointment from General Hancock. The General mildly but firmly responded by saying that he wasn't making any appointments this year.....Our Jim also made a serious mistake at the same moment. During the campaign he has been on the fence, as it were, taking an overlook, as it might be, and getting things down fine before jumping off. To avoid committing himself to any thing definite, he asked for James Wincox Hanfield and Arthur English. At last, when the coast was clear and the time for action had arrived, James came out boldly for Hancock and Liberty, and after voting in this city early on Tuesday morning he started for Philadelphia to watch the polls and the pollers in that wicked city. On the next day, Jim, crestfallen and broken in spirit, was met by an old friend, Captain Billy Lee of the Wycoco Legion. Billy squared himself right in front of our boy, and in a voice which sounded like the roar of a lion loose in the streets he shouted: "Hallelooyer! I've got it! Halleloo! Are yer huntin up yer candidate? You don't find him—he's gone in their hole, hauled the hole in after them, and plugged up the end. Halleelooyer!" The boy grew angry, but he curbed himself nobly remarking: "Billy, wait till yer git to New York; I'll make it warm for yer, and give yer all the halleelooyer yer want." James borrowed sufficient to bring him back to this city, and now swears that he will never again try to ride two horses at once, especially when they are pulling in opposite directions.....They say that since the return of Theodore Thomas he greatly misses the hogs' lard with which he used to rosin his bow in Cincinnati.....Now that the election is over, we have still some hard work before us, and that is the study of Irving in the interest of Sarah, and the study of Italian with which to greet Salvini. We already understand broken China, and will be well up in that language by the time the heathen actors reach here from California.....It is inside of an apple here from California.....It is inside of an apple that you put in the inside of the Park Theatre there has been a Cora. [Cora is the name of the character assumed by Clara Morris in "Article 47."].....In keeping with mass-meetings and the election-fraternities in Philadelphia this past week, Wood's Museum, that city, did a little blowing on its own account, for it gave "Blow for Blow" in a play of that name, and introduced a troupe of Bohemian Glassblowers; but these latter should not be confounded with the literary Bohemians of that town.....The Destroying Angels" have taken to the road in pursuit of "One Hundred Thousand Devils." The devilish party threaten to make fallen angels out of the destroyers before they let up on them. Let us calmly await the shock of battle.

.....A friend of ours, now traveling through Indiana, kindly offers to send us a real Bengal tiger if we have need of anything of that kind. We thank our distant friend for the offer, but we fear that the introduction of this Bengal tiger among our happy family of dogs and rabbits and monkeys and cats and other domestic animals would create a bad feeling in our household, and be the means of causing bloodshed. If, instead of sending us the tiger, he would forward a baby elephant, we think we would get along happily together.....Capitalists who spend much of their time in getting up corners are now said to be engaged in getting up a cornerstone for that alleged new opera-house. When they are told that the scheme has our fullest approval, the good work will go on rapidly and develop unlooked-for energy. The press is the lever by which cornerstones, as well as the world, are moved.....When that delectable sheet *The Mudgate of Freedom* spoke disparagingly of one of our favorite tragedians, an eminent divine meekly said to him: "Lawrence, hear it!" [Lawrence Barrett].....Think twice before you speak once during one of Sarah's most impassioned scenes. Such interference will not be tolerated.....When we get Adelina Patti over here, next season, if we do get her over here, we hope Adelina will have got bravely over the rheumatism, which periodically disturbs her. Meanwhile here is something about

RHEUMAFISM.

O Adelina Patti,
Is it true, is it true,
That one so neat and natty
As were you, once were you,
Have had a twinge emphatic—
Yes, or two, one or two—
Of that malady erratic
Known as rheu, horrid rheu-
Matism, which dramatic,
Not a few
And likewise operatic
People do, often do?
We would not say so in this ditty,
Yet rumor 'tis, rumor 'tis,
That stars sometimes demand our pity,
For rheumatism,
Because the public won't admire
Their art, though full in bloom it is;
And if you don't know why they retire,
Too much vacant room it is!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Salvini was to have set sail for this country on the 6th inst.....It is fistula that has made an invalid of John S. Clarke .....Curiously enough, abscess is said to have latterly been the trouble with E. A. Sothern. It was feared that a surgical operation would be necessary for its obliteration; but the physicians had at last accounts come to the conclusion that counter-irritation might be dispensed with.....Miss Minnie Hauck, who has just appeared in "Faust" at the Stadt Theatre, Cologne, is spoken of in high terms by the critics thereabouts.....Oleg Gorobetz, one of the wandering troubadours long ago so popular in Russia, died recently at the age of almost one hundred years.....Mlle. Rosina Isador, who recently made her debut at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, is an English lady, but under the patronage of the Baronness Lionel De Rothschild. She is of Jewish family, but Rosina Isador is not her true name.....Referring to the report that Arthur Sullivan is to be knighted upon the return of Queen Victoria from Scotland, an English exchange wishes to know where Prof. G. A. McFarren, "the acknowledged leader of music in England," is to come in? It thinks that knighthood or something better has long been his due.....Gran's French-opera Troupe is to reappear in this country on March 28 next; but it is not known at which of the two houses, Park and Booth's, Mme. Trebelli has concluded to remain in England throughout the Winter, and is organizing a concert tour, which is to begin in January.....The opera of "The Cadi," the English libretto being by Arthur Matthison, is to be brought out in Manchester, Eng., by Carl Rosa's troupe, in January.....Max Bruch, the new musical conductor of the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool, Eng., is not getting along harmoniously with the choir of that organization. Like many another German, he seems to have a temper, and the Philharmonicians have dubbed him "Mr. Wax Bruch."..... At last accounts Mme. Christine Nilsson Frelherr, the accomplished wife of Baron Frelherr Rouwer, of Sweden, had completed the model of the statue of Reuben Springer which is to be placed in the vestibule of the Cincinnati Music Hall. It is to be a full-length figure, and is to be carved in marble. One arm rests on a pilaster, and the other falls by the side of the body, the hand grasping a roll representing that of the Music Hall. Just how the sculptor will make Mr. Springer was "the first and chief collector of Pentateuchs," N. Y., is to entertain "The Pirates of Penzance" company, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Sullivan, and through her agent, contradicts the report that she contemplates the abandonment of her projected starring tour.....Fraulein Lucca's debut in Berlin as Zerlina in Auber's musical extravaganza under way from his experienced pen.....The golden crown presented by San Francisco to Adelina Patti-Nicolini, has been deposited in the Royal Museum at Bergen, Norway.....Blanche Davenport, who is now at Naples, Italy, is to begin there Nov. 10 in "Fra Diavolo."..Max Maretzek, formerly of this city, has brought out his new paper in Berlin, Germany. His wife is also with him.....The Texas absent Miss Olive Logan is expected home from Europe about Nov. 20.....*The World* reports by cable that W. J. Florence is engaging in London metropolis as Captain Cuttle, and that he designs making a long stay in England.....Henry Irving is credited with now making about $1,000 a night in the provinces.....Mapleson's English hotelist, was prevented by illness from appearing Wednesday night, when we were present; the American Four renewed their former successes; Madel De Verne, "doubled-voiced vocalist," made a hit, and wore a costume which enabled her to appear to advantage in either male or female attire, at her option; the Olympia Quartet—Hugh Mack, M. J. Sullivan, Wm. Keough, and P. Randall's—sang camp-meeting hymns and jubilee songs with telling effect, and in the closing sketch of "Fun on the Stage" Minnie Farrell gave character-change songs, Jennie Mack a skipping-rope jig, and Charles Postelle female impersonations. The regular company added their sketches of "Tricks" and "A Trip to Coney Island," as banjoists; and Ed. Booker and Florence Wells, appeared with success in society sketches. Jessie Sothern in popular songs, and J. S. Maguire in his specialty of "Sally Bell and Aunt Sally." and Max Prindle in his ventriloquism were likewise the recipients of a fair share of applause.....The Mette Brothers, Frank and Fanni Davis, Minnie Clyde, Eugene Blitz and Nettie Johnson are billed Nov. 8.....Clara Louise Kellogg is to sever the connection of three performances in the Park Theatre Nov. 31, when playing Cora in "Article 47."..Representations are to be given Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week.

HERRMANN and Combination are to begin a week's season in the Grand Opera-house Nov. 8.

SARAH BERNHARDT is to make her American debut in Booth's Theatre Nov. 8, playing Adrienne Lecouvreur.....During the week she will be seen as Frou-Frou.

"REVELS" nightly at Haverly's Fourteenth-street Theatre.

THE ARRIVALS at Tony Pastor's Theatre Nov. 8 are announced to be Sid Ryman, Harry and Emma Budworth, George and Marie Nelson, Reynolds and Walling, Andy and Annie Hughes, Alice Bateman and Willis Pickert, John and Lottie Barron, Hattie Lingard and Drew, Lizzie Derious and Edward McAvey.

"THE MULLIGAN GUARDS' NOMINEE" is the title of the new piece written by Edward Harrigan, which is to follow the present successful play at the Theatre Comique.

BARON SEEMAN gave a private exhibition of his skill as a magician in the Aquarium Nov. 6 before an audience of invited guests.

"NEW FOOL'S PARADISE" is to withdraw at Niblo's Garden Nov. 13, to make room for "Enchantment," which is to be reproduced 15.

THERE WILL BE NO CHANGE in the attractions at the Bijou Opera-house next week, when Mr. and Mrs. John McCullough is to begin an engagement playing Virginius.

"NEEDLES AND PINS," a new four-act comedy, is to be produced in Daly's Theatre Tuesday night, Nov. 9.

"SARAH HEARTSORN" is the title of a new burlesque to be produced by the San Francisco Minstrels Nov. 15.

CHARLEY GARMO of Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels arrived from England in the steamship Arizona Nov. 7. He is to return to London Dec. 14. John Morris and wife, Mrs. Sam Devere and Mrs. John Kemble were passengers in the same ship.

THE ACTORS' FUND BENEFIT, Nov. 15, managers, John Rogers, are to sell from Liverpool, Eng., for this city Dec. 4.

MR. AND MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU are to open a week's engagement in this city Nov. 15.

NEW YORK LODGE, No. 1, B. P. O. ELKS, held its annual meeting Nov. 7, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Welsh Edwards, Exalted Ruler; Harry D. Palmer, Esteemed Leading Knight; Monk Thorne, Esteemed Loyal Knight; and Geo. V. Hossack, Esteemed Lecturing Knight. Robert S. Martin, Joseph P. Waring and Charles Darrow were re-elected as secretary, treasurer and tyler, and Charles T. White, E. C. Chamberlain and Antonio Pastor were chosen trustees.

THE AGNES ROBERTSON COMBINATION disbanded in Chicago, Ill., and most of the company returned here.

JOHN K. MACK, who had been at various times connected with theatrical enterprises—lastly with the "Baba" Combination at Niblo's Garden—died at his residence, 142 West 45th street, Nov. 7.

TANK ADAMS, the finger ballhartist, is to begin an engagement in this city on the 15th inst., and on the 18th he will have the co-operation of Jacob Schaefer, champion at the regular game.

DRAMATIC.

Change in Credentials.

RULE AUTHORIZED CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER will hereafter furnish all credentials, which are of letter form, of RED MOROCCO, having on the outside an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING, printed in gold, and on the inside, upon YELLOW PAPER, the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, and the stamp of the office, dated Sept. 1, 1880, affixed. A photograph likeness of the correspondent is attached to the lower left-hand corner. These credentials are not transferable, and will not be recognized by any person other than the one whose name and portrait they bear. managers will confer a favor if they will retain them and return them to the owner. Managers, agents, doorkeepers and others are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents unless they can exhibit these credentials. Managers can save themselves from imposition by demanding upon all occasions an exhibition of these credentials. Journals never employ traveling correspondents. Persons who have applied for the position of correspondent and have not received any answer may consider their services are not required. No photographs will be returned.

Change in Sporting Credentials.

Our credentials issued to correspondents for SPORTING MATTERS ONLY, consisting of cards of a chocolate brown color, having printed diagonally across their faces in white ink: "*For Sporting News Only*," and which EXPIRE Nov. 1, 1880, should not be presented for admission to theatres and variety entertainment after that date, as all managers are respectfully requested to *refuse admission* to any person presenting such credentials.

JACK & MILLER'S "COMETS" opened their season in Oil City, Pa., Nov. 1, and played in Bradford 2 to a large and fashionable audience. The company includes James H. Jones, Sidney Smith, Frank Mills, Miss Ethel Lynton, Martha Wren, Alice Townsend, Mrs. Nelson Kneas, Sam T. Jack, manager; Fred Miller Jr., musical director; Arthur E. Miller, agent. They are billed in Sharon 10, New Castle 11, Youngstown, O., 12, Akron 13, Canton 16, Sydney 17, Indianapolis, Ind., 18, 19, 20.

MAUD GRANGER'S "TWO NIGHTS IN ROME" COMBINATION is due in Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 15, Williamsport 16, Scranton 17, Pottsville 18, Reading 19, Lancaster 20.

FORD & DENHAM'S MASQUERADERS are to play in Norfolk, Va., Nov. 8, 9, 10, Petersburg 11, Richmond 12, 13, Danville 15, Charleston, S. C., 16, Spartan 17, Columbia 18, 19.

BUFFALO BILL and combination are announced in Burlington, Vt., Nov. 8, Rutland 9, North Adams, Mass., 10, Fitchburg 11, Concord, N. H., 12, Manchester 13, Portsmouth 15, Dover 16, Portland, Me., 17, 18, Bath 19, Rockland 20.

DEAD.—Catherine E. Merritt, sister of Alice Oates, died at her residence in Louisville, Ky., Nov. 3, aged 51 years. She had been bed-ridden for the past ten years, and helpless.

PROSTRATED BY ILLNESS.—During one of the most prosperous engagements which Clara Morris has ever had in this city, she was suddenly attacked by illness on Thursday night last, during the performances in Abbey's Park Theatre, and by the advice of her physicians, who had been summoned, she refrained from completing her professional duties that night. After the close of the second act of "Article 47" her condition was made known to the audience, which crowded the auditorium in every part, and they were dismissed, the money paid by them being refunded or tickets for another performance being given, at their option. On Friday night, for which all of the seats had been sold, the auditorium was not opened. Holders of tickets received back their money at the box-office or tickets for a matinee performance to be given, in the Park Theatre Thursday, Nov. 11. Miss Morris reappeared Saturday night and entertained a large audience. The running piece was produced Nov. 1, and was capitally acted throughout, the cast being: Cora, Clara Morris; Mme. Gerard, Mrs. J. J. Prior; Mlle. Marcelle, Miss Josephine Baker; Louise, Miss Eva Garrick; Miss Dowson, Miss Rose Parker; Countess Gabrielle, Miss Mary Worth; George Duhamel, Mark Pendleton; Mazilier, Geo. Parkes; Dr. Coombes, A. D. Billings; Potain, J. G. Saville; De Brelve, Russell Bassett; De Lille, Edwin Varrey; Lauristot, Mason Mitchell; Baron Von Steinbach, Gerard James; Hotel clerk, George Warren; Paul, J. W. Bankson; Hotel-porter, Wm. Elliott; Cora's servant, A. Francis; Dr. Coombes' attendant, J. Williams; George's valet, Mr. Mason.

LARGE AUDIENCES last week attested the continued popularity of the programme provided at Harry Miner's Theatre. Fanny Beane and Chas. Gilday appeared to advantage in a well-rendered interlude, introducing songs and dances. The Brennans and Capt. Lauby gave their burlesque entitled "Double-tongueing" with good success. The Mette Brothers admirably executed their acrobatic specialties. Awata Katsnoshin exhibited his proficiency in juggling. T. M. Hengler in songs, dances and ignitations was highly appreciated. James Goodwin met with considerable favor in character-changes. The Alba Sisters proved pleasing duettists. Fanny Davenport made a good impression in operatic airs, and Dr. Knox's performing pigs afforded much amusement. Billed, Nov. 8: Ella Wesner, Boisset Brothers, Megatherian Four, Kine Brothers, Kitty Sharpe, Gorman Brothers and Prof. Neil Smith's educated dogs.

MUSICAL NOTES.—"La Sonnambula" was given at the Academy of Music by the Mapleson Company Nov. 1, with Gerster and Campanini as Amina and Elvino. "Un Ballo in Maschera" 3 presented Mme. Marie Louise Swift (for the first time this season) as Oscar, and introduced a new tenor here in Mme. Bianca Montesini, who personated Amelia. Miss Cary sang the role of Ulrica and Ravelli that of Riccardo; Galassi was the Renato. "Aida" was the attraction 5, with Campanini as Rhadames; Galassi, Amonasro; Miss Cary, Anneris; and Miss Alwina Valleria in the title-role. "Linda di Chamouni" at the matinee 6 had the heroine's part interpreted by Mme. Gerster, with Sig. Campanini as Carlo; Mlle. Belocca, Pierotto; and Sig. Galassi, Sindaco. Signor Bouhy's debut as Figaro in "The Barber" 8 was a success, and Gerster's delicate performance of Rosina was a treasure. "Lucrezia Borgia" 9 will be produced Nov. 1, with Mme. Fursch-Madi in the title-role.....Charley Lord, business agent of the Baldwin, will shortly lead to the altar Miss Fowler, a relative of George B. Chipman.....Mrs. P. M. Wetherill, for the past twenty-five years connected with theatricals on this coast and a well-known politician, will shortly go East. Beattie and Curry have offered him the nomination for Assembly, which in his district is equivalent to an election, in the hopes of having him carry here.....Manager Tom Maguire and family went East 28.....Rachel Lowenthal, Fred Burry and Williams, Rose Julien and Wilson and Ford appeared at Woodward's Gardens 30, 31.....'Fra Diavolo' is a success at the Tivoli, and the principals, Harry Gates, Hattie Moore and John Williams, receive enthusiastic plaudits for their fine delineations of characters.

OF FAIR SIZE was the audience which assembled at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 1, to see the Dickie Lingard-Daizell Burlesque Company in a Robinson Crusoe. The performance did not begin until nearly nine o'clock, owing to the party having been delayed, as is alleged, by reason of an accident on the Pan-handle Railroad. It was after seven o'clock when they arrived in the city, and the train did not reach the depot to go on the stage without having any rehearsal, the performance passed off without any hitches. Some disappointment was experienced with regard to Miss Lingard, who was lacking in spirit and vivacity. Alice Hastings was a rather ponderous Polly Hopkins, and Lillie West a quiet Angelica Perkins. Alice Wright gave a neat jig dance, while Alice Loring dressed and looked like a boy in the part of Ben Caunach. Much the same may be said of Emma Crocker as Jessie. Roland Reed was very funny as Jim Cox, and A. W. Maffin gave an original and commendable performance of Wilkins Friday. Much was made much of by that old Philadelphia favorite Mrs. Jack Sharpley, who for some reason or other was billed as J. C. Stuart. This company remains during the current week

EMBER 13, 1880.

N, MASS., THEATRES, SAYS OUR CORsiness during the earlier part of as greatly affected by politics, no ent attracting a large attendance the week and later. Ada Gaven- appearance, and acted for the first Josephine Clairon in 'The Soul of he Park Theatre. As but three ed since the author's companion- over the way, and as this is its respects, it has not attracted the ich it is perhaps entitled. Miss eemingly liked by her audience alled her before the curtain at the As an illustration of the good, yle of acting, commend us to G. F. Hagan, Mrs. E. A. Eberle ens, Harry Harwood made an an, Gerald; and Laura Bascomb ue portions of Julie very nicely g in the weightier scenes. Libby on was capital, and the rest were efactory. Business did not aver- otta as Little Nell and the Mar- 'Voyagers in Southern Seas' now t the Boston Theatre, and is night- exceptionally large audiences, their coming till late in the even- t the ballet and the performances most attractive features of the election-night the theatre was ager news-seekers, who preferred o battling with the crowds which . By the aid of a scioptican the splayed on a screen placed on the reason of the immense gathering ent the management on their con- publicanism, Messrs. Tompkins & the Republican ticket for the first e piece till further notice..... last week of the comedy season season closed Nov. 6. 'A Phenom- ck Frock' and 'Mrs. Wallbrop's given 1, 2 and afternoon and even- ls and Young Hearts' 4, 'Masks and s Little Rebel' 5 and matinee 6, and 'The Little Rebel' night 6. The first- in bygone days used to be highly e broader treatment since given it d Crane, under the title of 'Our kes the original seem slow and 'Masks and Faces' was one of he series, in that it afforded a of Mr. Warren in his very artistic Triplet. May Davenport was unde- ble to appear three nights, her part n Mrs. Wallrop's Boarders' being Temple, and that of Kate Rockett in omedy by Sadie Martinot, both la- ceptionally well under the circum- r Fawcett arrived 6, and personally Jacques Kruger, an old acquaintance here, re- ceived unqualified praise for his artistic delinea- tion of the seedy photographer. They go to Louis- ville, Ky., 8, Cincinnati 15, 'The Tourists' open here 8. John McCullough closed a two weeks' engagement in the Olympic Theatre 6, having done a uniformly large business throughout. He goes to Pittsburg, Pa., 8, and Frank Mayo succeeds him here.....At Pope's Theatre the Gulick-Blaisdell "Hop-scotch" Combination were the attraction, they opening there Nov. 2, and doing a slim business. Their performance is of the genteel variety sort, but lacks the refinement necessary to make it acceptable to patrons of a legitimate theatre. The Madison-square Theatre Company in "Hazel Kirke" open 8 ..... Rieck- hoff's German Company acted "Mother and Son" in Pope's Oct. 31, and are to repeat it Nov. 7. J.B. POLK and company in "A Gentleman from Nevada" did a good business at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., during the week end- ing Nov. 6. Horace Wall has succeeded Major Pond as manager of this company. Announced: Rice's "Evangeline" Company 8, J. K. Emmet 15, one week each.....Rial & Draper's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Combination occupy the Academy of Music the week of 8. James O'Neil, the leading man of the Academy of Music stock com- pany, and late of Baldwin's, San Francisco, is in town, the guest of W. J. Morgan the lithographer. .....Prof. Hartz, who has been resting here for several weeks, opens in Scranton, Pa., 8.

"HAZEL KIRKE," says our correspondent, "was given its first representation in the West by the Madison-square Theatre Company of New York City in Dickson's Park Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 4, to fairly good business, which increased at the remaining performances 5, 6, including matinee, notwithstanding bad weather. The cast is ap- pended: Dunstan Kirke, C. W. Couldock; Lord Travers, Gustavus Levick; Pittacus Green, W. J. Ferguson; Aaron Rodney, Henry Aveling; Barney O'Flynn, Edward Coleman; Methusaleh Miggins (called 'Met'), E. H. See; Joe, a miller, L. W. Ed- wards; Dan, a miller, Joseph Waters; Hazel Kirke, Miss Effie Ellsler; Dorothy Dutton, Miss Georgia Cay- ian; Lady Travers, Mrs. Cecile Rush; Mercy Kirke, Mrs. Carrie Jamison; Clara, Miss Annie Ellsler. Gus- tave Frohman is the acting-manager; O. G. Bernard, business-manager; E. L. Walton, stage-manager. .....At English's Opera-house the Colforna Through Death Valley' Combination began a sea- son of three nights and a matinee at prices rang- ing from 50 to 25 cents. As a whole, the piece is above the average border-drama, the scenery is quite realistic, and some of the characters are well taken. The attendance ruled fair.....At the Grand Opera-house the Knights in 'Otto' come 8, 9, 10, followed by C. L. Davis in 'Alvin Joslin' 11, 12, 13, ... Barney Campbell's 'Matrimony' is billed at the Park 11, 12, 13.....The next attraction at Engl- lish's is 'A Messenger from Jarvis Section' 11, 12, 13."

ISIDORE DAVIDSON has severed his connection with "The Galley Slave" Combination, and will join Annie Graham's Company.

GEO E. STEVENS' 'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" COMBINATION is billed in Wellsville, N. Y., Nov. 8, Olean 9, Bradford, Pa., 10, 11, 12, Jamestown, N. Y., 13, Corry, Pa., 15, Titusville 16, Meadville 17, Sharon 18, Warren 19.

IS HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Geo. E. Stevens' Com- bination in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played to large business Nov. 4, 5.....The Emnice Goodrich Combi- nation in "Zizi" is billed for 10.

SPRAGUE'S "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" COMBINATION is officered as follows: Z. W. Sprague, proprietor; Harry Weston, manager; Scott Marble, stage-man- ager; E. P. Young, treasurer; Frank Gilson, gen- eral agent.

Continued on page 287.

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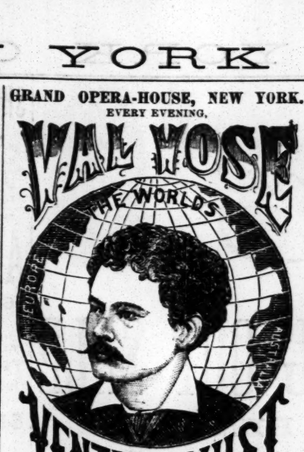

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FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Mabel."

a domestic drama in three acts, by Frederick Hay, was first performed at the Olympic Theatre, London, Oct. 16. The drama opens with the scene of a room at Radley's Hotel, Southampton. Mrs. Fleetwood, her daughter and Leonard Fleetwood, her nephew, are here, waiting the arrival from India of Philip Fleetwood, the husband of the first-named, and during their brief stay Mabel Fleetwood, the daughter, dies suddenly. Unable to prepare the father in any way for this terrible news, and fearful that the announcement, if made suddenly, might be fatal, Leonard recommends that Mabel's death should be for a time concealed, and that her absence should be accounted for by a temporary illness. Mrs. Fleetwood yields reluctantly. A stonemason, who calls at the hotel by Leonard's orders for the inscription that is to be placed on Mabel's tombstone, has been followed by Gilbert Gainsford, a man formerly prosecuted by Leonard. The mason and Gainsford have been associated in crime. Gainsford was convicted, and at the end of his sentence retired to Havre; from Havre he has now fled, again guilty, and he wants concealment. Redmund, the stonemason, offers him shelter in a shanty in the cemetery. Mrs. Fleetwood, whilst giving Redmund instructions about the headstone, raises his suspicion, and he determines to watch the family party. The steamer is hourly expected, when the waiter rather astonishes the guests by the information that a young lady is asking to see Mrs. Fleetwood. Mrs. Fleetwood is about to decline seeing anyone, but on learning the young lady is alone, and further that she is called "Mabel," consents to receive her. Mabel presents herself—the age, the manner, the resemblance to her dead Mabel startle both Mrs. Fleetwood and her nephew. The letter Mabel presents is from the Rev. Mr. Talbot, a friend of the Fleetwoods, and from this letter it is learnt that Mabel is a governess on her way to Havre, that she is an orphan, and that it is feared she has not fallen into good hands. An attempt is made to dissuade Mabel from crossing Channel during the storm then raging. Mabel insists on continuing her journey. Mrs. Fleetwood induces her to accept the loan of a fur cloak sent from Simla by Mr. Fleetwood as a present for *his* Mabel; but Mabel has scarcely retired when Philip Fleetwood, rushing in (the steamer having arrived unannounced during the snow-storm), embraces his wife. Missing Mabel, he shouts for her. Mabel Ransome returns, and Philip, accepting the situation, runs to her, embracing her fondly. As the door is opened Mrs. Fleetwood and Leonard in terror see the stonemason, who has guessed their secret. Act the second takes place at Oldfield Park. Six weeks are supposed to have elapsed. The Fleetwoods have settled in Somersetshire, and Mrs. Fleetwood has surrounded herself with new servants. Mabel and Leonard have fallen in love, but Mabel is startled by the arrival of an old nurse, who, on her way to Bridgewater, has called to see her former charge. This interview is evaded, but Redmund, who has grown suspicious of Gainsford, has come down alone to work the Fleetwoods. Suspecting Mabel Ransome to be the daughter of the woman he once loved, and who jilted him; suspecting her, also, to be personating the dead Mabel, he sees revenge and reward within his grasp. Not having been able to marry the mother, he has resolved he will marry the daughter. The terror of the Radley incident and the fear of another secret about Gainsford give Mabel no peace, and she decides to return to Havre, and informs Leonard she is already betrothed to Gilbert Gainsford. Staggered at this information, Leonard shows her a portrait of Gainsford in his convict's dress, and tells her Gainsford was in Southampton on the night of Philip Fleetwood's arrival. Mr. Fleetwood is startled by the vagueness of Mabel's memory. Mrs. Fleetwood comes to the rescue, and at the same time secretly hands Maoel Ransome a packet of "returned letters" of the dead Mabel. Redmund now turns up, and receives the first hush-money from Mrs. Fleetwood, who learns from Philip that he was the cause of his former partner's ruin; that the partner, dying broken-hearted, left an orphan girl destitute; and that Philip, recognizing his sin, had advertised for the discovery of the orphan Mabel Ransome. Mabel, weary of deceit, sees herself advertised for, and suspects Gainsford; the servant's handing her a letter concocted by Redmund in Gainsford's name only confirms her views. Gainsford comes to claim her, and is confronted by Leonard, in whom Gainsford recognizes his prosecuting counsel. In the third act, still at Oldfield (night), alarm sets in as the servants from Radley's come down to secure the reward offered for Mabel Ransome's discovery. The terrible surroundings are beginning to tell on Mabel's health, and she wakes from a slumber to find herself face to face with Redmund, who tells her that Philip Fleetwood was the man who wronged her father and that her mother was the cause of his (Redmund's) misery. She threatens to denounce Redmund, who, placing her false social position before her, asks what credence she herself can expect from the world. He declares she shall never have Gainsford for a husband, and objects to Leonard as a lover, threatening her with revenge for the wrong done to her mother. Mrs. Fleetwood still counsels deception for Philip Fleetwood's sake; but Mabel and Leonard think the time has arrived when the whole truth should be made known. Gainsford, who has seen the reward offered, threatens also to clear up the mystery, and Redmund has started on the same mission. They both arrive too late, as Leonard has already made all clear. The mason, mad at his failure, revenges himself on Gainsford, who in the end, demanding the hand of Mabel, is arrested. Mabel being left free to become Leonard's wife. Miss Carlotta Addison appeared as the heroine. Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Mrs. Fleetwood. David Fisher as Philip. Arthur Dacre as Leonard. W. H. Vernon as Gilbert Gainsford, and G. W. Anson as Redmund.

"The Turquoise Ring,"

a vaudeville written by G. W. Godfrey and E. W. Craigie for Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, was produced by them at St. George's Hall, London, Oct. 29. The plot is as follows: The scene is laid at Nice, France, and an extremely pretty scene forms an attractive background for the performers, one of whom is an elderly and very artful hotel-keeper named Thibaut. Thibaut has for visitors an elderly Alderman, Sir Timothy Turtle, who glories in having recently been Lord Mayor of London, and in having started in life with the traditional half crown. Sir Timothy has lately married a pretty wife, and Lady Turtle is young enough to be his daughter, or even granddaughter, and is, moreover, as unlike Sir Timothy in taste as can well be imagined. Lady Turtle is all for poetry and romance. She is not very clear as to the locality where brigands may be expected to abound, but fancies it is possible they may be met with at Nice, and her romantic notions are favored by Thibaut in order to make a profit out of them. Accordingly he dresses up his factotum Jacques in the discarded habiliments of a Polish noble who had once been a visitor at the hotel; while Pauline, the chambermaid, masquerades in fanciful Roman costume. Pauline, wandering about in the hotel grounds, attracts the attention of Lady Turtle, and while the pretty maiden takes a nap under a tree she fancies it would be amusing to bewilder the maiden by placing on her finger a Turquoise ring, and afterwards explaining who was the donor. Pauline wakes up and goes about her duties at first quite ignorant respecting the ring; but when she discovers it, what more natural than for her to suppose that her lover Jacques was the giver. Little do they dream what a series of perplexities will come out of Lady Turtle's gift. Sir Timothy Turtle, rejoicing in his prosperity and proud of his pretty wife, blusters about, abusing Thibaut and declaiming against French "kickshaws," and sings a lively song describing his rise to fortune. Lady Turtle comes, and the ex-Lord Mayor misses the turquoise ring which he had but given her a day or two before. The young wife explains, and her husband, after ridiculing her romantic ideas, forgets all about the incident for a time until other incidents occur which awaken his suspicions. What if, after all, the gift was made to some masculine admirer. Lady Turtle was by no means averse to a flirtation. Soon there appears to be some reason for Sir Timothy's doubts. Pauline, prattling with her lover, refers to the ring, supposing him to have given it, when suddenly Jacques dies into a jealous passion. He knows nothing of the ring; it must have been given her by some rich Englishman. The lovers have a scene, and part, vowing never to meet again, while Old Thibaut, coming into the grounds, picks up the ring, which Pauline had thrown away in a rage. Thibaut ascertains who is the owner of the ring, but thinks it would look better to advertise it, and, therefore, places a notice on one of the trees. This notice is the signal for cross purposes all round. Sir Timothy sees it, and begins once more to think that something is wrong. Lady Turtle has been fascinated by the handsome Jacques wandering about in his outlandish costume, and must have given him the ring. Jacques is madly jealous, for he imagines Sir Timothy has given his sweetheart the ring; and Old Thibaut makes matters more complicated by asserting that elderly libertines are always the worst of any. Sir Timothy, quite unconscious that he is suspected, and fearing scandal, thinks it would be better to get Jacques out of the way, and offers him two thousand francs to leave Nice at once, and set up in business. Jacques accepts, but ultimately refuses, fancying that the wealthy Alderman only wishes to get rid of him to pay attentions to Pauline. When all parties are getting into complications about the ring, Lady Turtle, vastly amused, solves the problem by explaining everything. And it was time, for Sir Timothy has found a note addressed to Jacques relating to some intrigue, and telling him not to inform Sir Timothy. But, as this was only intended for a jeweler who was making a birthday-present for the Alderman, all ends happily.

DRAMATIC.

From Japan.

DISCOVERY OF A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ACTOR WHO DISAPPEARED FROM THE PROFESSION SOME YEARS AGO.

YOKOHAMA, Oct. 4, 1880.

DEAR CLIPPER—I arrived here on the steamship Malacca, which left Hong Kong Sept. 14 and Nagasaki 19. Learning from an American resident that George Pauncefort (whom many of your readers well remember as a sterling actor in days gone by) was keeping a tea-house somewhere beyond the limits of this city, I set out in search of him, using as a mode of conveyance one of the little two-wheeled perambulators called "jinkikishaw" that are pulled about the streets by muscular little Japs, who run a distance of ten miles or more with apparent discomfort. Arriving at Pauncefort's tea-house, I was welcomed by his wife, who is a Japanese girl unalloyed, and very pretty and interesting in her attempts to speak English; but no alteration in her style of dressing has been allowed. The little house they live in is nestled among pretty flowers and plants, and is quite a place of resort for Americans visiting Japan. A fine view of the majestic Fujiyama (an extinct volcano) is obtainable from Pauncefort's garden. He is in retirement, and quite old, yet full of vigor..... Mr. Blackwell, the manager of *The Japan Mail* (a Yokohama paper), says that the Japanese Troupe that visited America some years ago had returned to Japan much used up. Prof. Gangero died at Yeddo some fourteen months ago. Mr. Blackwell conducted me to a street in Yokohama where there is a Jap theatre, in which I recognized another member of the same company.... In boating matters the race between cutters from the U. S. ship Swatara and an English crew from H. M. S. Comus was decided against the Swatara crew by the judge, though the Englishmen had ceded them the race. The Swatara's crew had some $17 up, and the disappointment was therefore keenly felt. In the race between catamarans from the U. S. S. Richmond and Swatara for a silk flag, the latter was successful, and the flag is now hanging in her ward-room.....Sept. 22 there was a grand concert given in the public gardens by the Imperial Japanese Band and the band of the Flagship Richmond. The gardens were magnificently illuminated, in a style known only to Japs.....In a game of baseball on the 23d between the Yokohama nine and the officers' nine of the U. S. steamship Richmond the former were defeated—score, 17 to 9..... Prof. Hennicke and myself gave a performance Sept. 30 at the Gaiety Theatre, made up from available talent here, with a satisfactory result. Hennicke is a brother of the Governor of Hong Kong, and a very clever illusionist. His manipulation being extremely smooth.....I saw one act of the great Japanese drama entitled "Saichiguri." The performance began yesterday morning at 8 A. M., and lasted until 2 this morning. I saw the twenty-ninth act—all "Greek" to me. The admission-tickets are slabs of wood two feet long by six inches wide, and are stacked at the door in great piles. Each Jap leaves his shoes at the door, for which he receives a mark which corresponds with another on his shoes. The admission is two sen, and two sen extra to be allowed to stand up. They claim that those standing can see better than those sitting. We ascended a long bamboo ladder to the private box, for which we disgorged several sens. It required two of us to present the box-ticket. We also visited some clever acrobatic performances, where we witnessed some plucky wrestling..... The Japanese are a volatile race, and, like the French, know how to enjoy themselves. The "John Kino" dance is much like the "Indian Nautch," though less objectionable. They are accompanied in their songs-and-dances by players on an instrument called "saurasin," and sing with no little ability. The song is worded thus:

John Kino, John Kino, John, John—
Kino, Kino.
Yokohama, Nagasaki, Hokadadi hi.
(Repeat, with dance.)

After leaving Yokohama I visit Yeddo, where I hope to play under the Mikado's patronage. I expect to arrive in San Francisco some time this Fall.

With regards, J. ARTHUR.

BAKER AND FARRON play in Liverpool, Eng., this week. Communications can be sent to Dublin, Ireland, where they open Nov. 22, for two weeks.

"PAT O'DOWD," which was first performed in New York under the title of "Daddy O'Dowd," was on Oct. 21 brought out in London at the Adelphi Theatre, the cast embracing Dion Boucicault as The O'Dowd, Henry Neville as Mike, E. Compton as Bertie Talboys, J. G. Taylor as Romsey Leake, Miss Bella Pateman as, Lady Rose Lawless, and Miss Lydia Foote as Miss Kitty McCaul.

"ROMEO AND JULIET," with Charles Warner as the hero and Miss Mabel Bateman as the heroine, was presented at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, Oct. 18.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON says there is no truth in the statement that he has purchased ground with the intention of erecting a new theatre in Panton street, Haymarket, London.

THE AUDITORIUM of the Le Theatre de Constawzi, now nearing completion at Rome, Italy, will hold four thousand persons.

HERMANN THEODOR VON SCHMID, dramatic author, died recently in Munich, Bavaria. He received the "Order of the Crown" from the King of Bavaria.

"BLACKMAIL," a four-act drama by Watts Phillips, which is described as having a terribly complicated plot, little if any interest, and nothing worth speaking of in the way of incident, was produced at the Grecian Theatre, London, Oct. 16.

FAILURE OF "ANNIE MIE."—This drama, which met with so much success when it was acted recently in London, Eng., by the Rotterdam company, failed to please when presented in an English dress in the Prince of Wales' Theatre, there, Nov. 1. Miss Genevieve Ward played the chief role. A cablegram to *The New York Herald* says: "It was found to be purposeless and quite unsuitable to an English audience. Clement Scott is credited with having made the translation; but he withdrew his name from the bills at the last moment, and left the burden of the failure to its Dutch author, Rosier Fadssen."

MUSICAL.

MICHAEL CONNELLY is now the musical director of the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng.

EDWARD WOLFF, pianist, died Oct. 16.

VARIETY HALLS.

WILL LORENZO, variety performer, was taken ill on the stage of the Star Theatre, Barrow, Eng., Oct. 16, and was taken home, where he expired in great agony the following morning.

W. J. ASHCROFT terminated a three weeks' engagement at the New Star Music Hall, Liverpool, Eng., Oct. 23.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS, after closing their season in London, Eng., left for Manchester by special train, which, we are informed, made the trip of 205 miles in four hours and twenty minutes.

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and for small, quick, live ads and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all forms for the entire paper this long period. In all transactions of whatever nature we have always found you to be just and honorable, while your large experience and sound judgment have been of incalculable benefit to us. As a friend we know you to be staunch and true, never deserting the ship in time of danger. We regret exceedingly that it has been mutually decided to terminate our business relations, but trust that in whatever enterprises you may hereafter embark you will meet with that success which your well-directed efforts so eminently deserve. We shall always hold you in kindly remembrance, and sincerely hope that your future journey through life will be one continual pathway strewn with the brightest flowers that nature can produce. With the kindest wishes for you and yours, we subscribe ourselves, ever truly,

34-1t BATCHELLER & DORIS.

MISS JULIA ROBINSON,
HOWARD ATHENÆUM,
BOSTON,
NOVEMBER 8, 1880. 34-1t*

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For 1881.

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TO
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PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 6, 1880.

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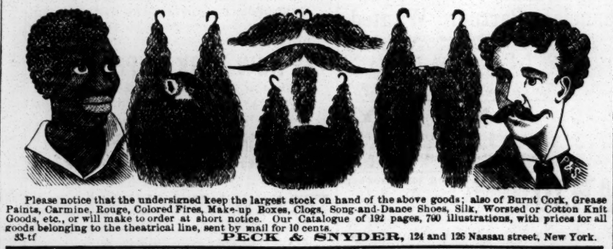

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